★ July 12, 1941

THE NEW YORKER

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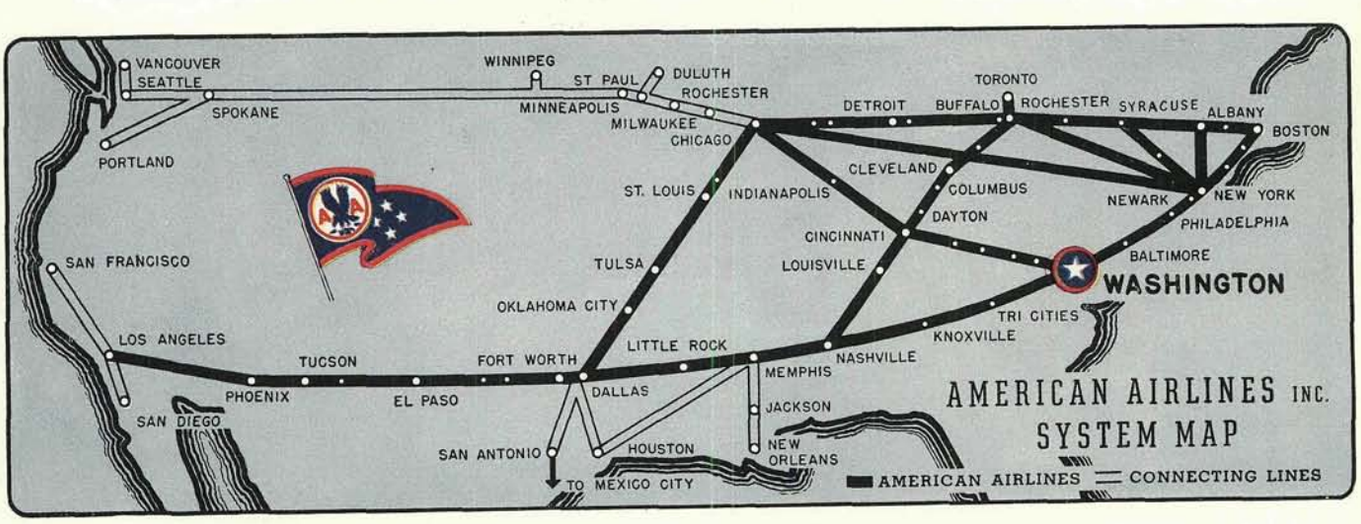

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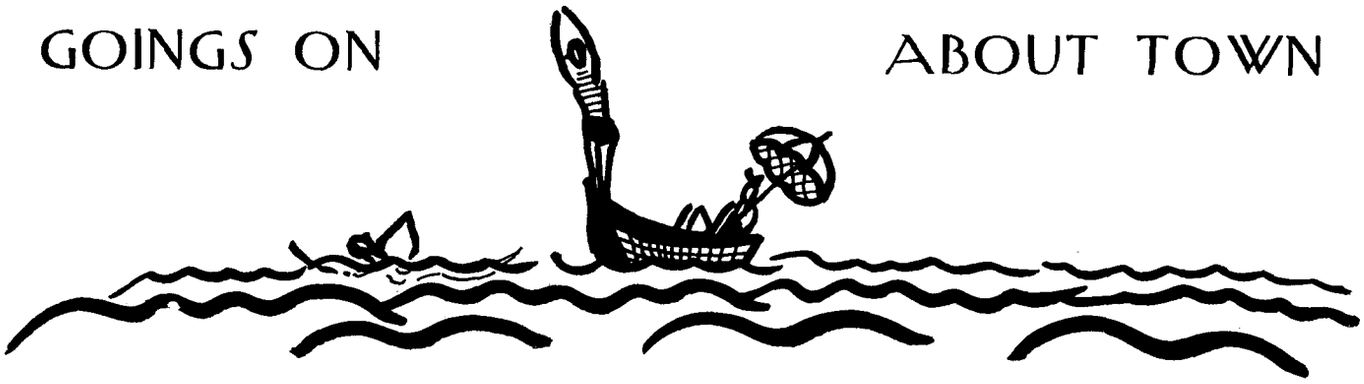
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 19. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is about the funniest thing in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Beautiful People—William Saroyan's fourth love letter to the human race is as passionate as his first and no more coherent. Eugene Loring, Betsy Blair, and Curtis Cooksey play the mad Websters, who love mice. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Tues. through Sun. at 8:50. Mats. 2:50. Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. A first-class comedy that turns into a rather disappointing problem play in the last act. With Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore triumphant in Emlyn Williams' play about a teacher who discovers a genius. Richard Waring and Thelma Schnee are also in it. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Tues. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

Life with Father—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. An intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—This, of course, is the play about Mr. Woollcott, and extremely funny it is, too. George Kaufman and Moss Hart did the writing and Monty Woolley plays the great man. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Eves. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. Closes Sat., July 12.)

My Sister Eileen—A fine, dizzy comedy of two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, who discover that Greenwich Village life is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's stories have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. With Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Separate Rooms—Old-time bedroom roughhouse that's agreeable enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Lyle Talbot, and Alan Dinehart. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Mon. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Watch on the Rhine—A family of refugees from Germany bring the great problems of today into an American household. Lillian Hellman's eloquent play has been magnificently produced by Herman Shumlin, with an exceptional cast headed by Paul Lukas, Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, and George Coulouris. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Hellz-a-Poppin—This free-for-all is rounding out its third season, with Jay C. Flippen and Happy Felton now in the Olsen and Johnson rôles. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

It Happens on Ice—Last winter's ice revue is being brought back and will reopen on Tues., July 15. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3. Sun.)

Pal Joey—John O'Hara's *New Yorker* series successfully transplanted to the stage with the assistance of Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, and George Abbott. Gene Kelly, Vivienne Segal, June Havoc, and Jack Durant represent the perfect heel and some of his little playmates. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40. Wed. and Sat.)

Panama Hattie—An excellent musical comedy, with Ethel Merman as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. Cole Porter wrote the music and the cast includes Arthur Treacher and James Dunn. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild will present "The Mikado," Thurs. and Sat. Eves., July 10 and 12; "Cox and Box" and "H.M.S. Pinafore," Thurs. and Sat. Eves., July 17 and 19; at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

Bridgehampton—"Out of the Frying Pan": through Sat., July 12. (Hampton Summer Theatre, Bridgehampton, L.I. 8:50.)

Cambridge—Elissa Landi in "The Lady Has a Heart": through Sat., July 12. Lionel Stander in "A Slight Case of Murder": Mon. through Sat., July 14-19. (Cambridge Summer Theatre, Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat.)

Cape May—Michael Whalen in "The Prince of Liars": through Sat., July 12. (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. 8:45.)

Cedarhurst—Estelle Winwood and Florence Reed in "Ladies in Retirement": through Sun., July 13. Buster Keaton in "The Gorilla": Tues. through Sun., July 15-20. (New Central Theatre, Cedarhurst, L.I. At 9. Mats. 2:45, Wed., Sat., and Sun.)

Chatham—"The Little Foxes": through Sat., July 12. "Out of the Frying Pan": Wed. through Sat., July 16-19. (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs.)

Cohasset—Violet Heming and Diana Barrymore in "Old Acquaintance": through Sat., July 12. Mary Morris in "Ladies in Retirement": Mon. through Sat., July 14-19. (South Shore Players, Town Hall, Cohasset, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Dennis—C. Aubrey Smith in "Old English": through Sat., July 12. Moss Hart in "The Man Who Came to Dinner": Mon. through Sat., July 14-19. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Fri.)

Glen Rock—Cora Witherspoon and J. C. Nugent in "George Washington Slept Here": Mon. through Sat., July 14-19. (Glen Rock Playhouse, Glen Rock, N.J. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed.)

Gloucester—Erik Rhodes and Carol Goodner in "George Washington Slept Here": through Sat., July 12. Karen Morley in "Two Story House": Mon. through Sat., July 14-19. (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Great Neck—"Ladies in Retirement": through Sat., July 12. "Here Today": Mon. through Sat., July 14-19. (Chapel Theatre, Great Neck, L.I. At 9.)

Guilford—Anna Sten in "Nancy's Private Affair": through Sat., July 12. Henry Hull in "Dear Brutus": Mon. through Sat., July 14-19. (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Ivoryton—Charles Butterworth in "George Washington Slept Here": through Sat., July 12. Buddy Ebsen in "The Male Animal": Mon. through Sat., July 14-19. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Fri.)

Kennebunkport—"Hay Fever": through Sat., July 12. "Mr. Nazi": Tues. through Sat., July 15-19. (New Kennebunkport Playhouse, Kennebunkport, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs.)

Locust Valley—"Out of the Frying Pan": through Sat., July 12. "Tovarich": Mon. through Sat., July 14-19. (Red Barn Theatre, Locust Valley, L.I. At 9.)

Maplewood—Paul and Grace Hartman in "Two for the Show": through Sat., July 12. Tallulah Bankhead in "Her Cardboard Lover": Mon. through Sat., July 14-19. (Maplewood Theatre, Maplewood, N.J. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Marblehead—"Mr. and Mrs. North": through Sat., July 12. Paul Robeson in "The Emperor Jones": Mon. through Sat., July 14-19. (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

Marion—Rachel Adams in "Skylark": through Sat., July 12. "What a Life!": Wed. through Sat., July 16-19. (Harbor Playhouse, Marion, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:40, Wed.)

Martha's Vineyard—James Bell and Joyce Arling in "The Male Animal": through Sat., July 12. Taylor Holmes in "On Borrowed Time": Mon. through Sat., July 14-19. (Playhouse, East Chop, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Matunuck—Elsa Maxwell in "Our Betters": through Sat., July 12. "Out of the Frying Pan": Mon. through Sat., July 14-19. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs.)

Millburn—Ann Andrews and Bert Lytell in "Seraphina": through Sat., July 12. "Trial by Jury" and "H.M.S. Pinafore": Mon. through Sat., July 14-19. (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat.)

Mt. Kisco—"The Male Animal": through Sat., July 12. "The Masked Ball": Mon. through Sat., July 14-19. (Westchester Playhouse, Lawrence Farms, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat.)

New Hope—Katherine Locke and Walter Slezak in "The Good Fairy": through Sat., July 12. Hume Cronyn and Haila Stoddard in "Golden Boy": Mon. through Sat., July 14-19. (Bucks County

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
BOOKS	57
THE CURRENT CINEMA	47
MUSICAL EVENTS:	
CONCERT RECORDS	55
OF ALL THINGS	29
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
ABOUT THE HOUSE	43
SPORTS, GAMES, ETC.	45
OUT OF TOWN	49
THE RACE TRACK	54
A REPORTER AT LARGE	32
TABLES FOR TWO	41

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Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Newport—Mildred Natwick and Romney Brent in "Paris": Tues. through Sat., July 15-19. (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Tues. Eves. at 9; other Eves. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs.)

Ogunquit—Dorothy Sands in "By Your Leave": through Sat., July 12. Fay Wray in "One Sunday Afternoon": Mon. through Sat., July 14-19. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Fri.)

Pawling—Margaret Anglin in "Fresh Fields": through Sun., July 13. Ramon Novarro in "The Command to Love": Tues. through Sun., July 15-20. (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. 8:30. Mats. at 3, Thurs. and Sat.)

Roslyn—"The Time of Your Life": through Sat., July 12. (Millpond Playhouse, Roslyn, L.I. At 9.)

Rye Beach—"Lady of Letters": through Sat., July 12. "Ladies in Retirement": Tues., through Sat., July 15-19. (Farragut Playhouse, Rye Beach, N.H. 8:30.)

Sayville—"The Philadelphia Story": through Sat., July 12. "The Ghost Train": Tues. through Sat., July 15-19. (Sayville Playhouse, Sayville, L.I. 8:45.)

Skowhegan—"Lady in Waiting": through Sat., July 12. "Family Honeymoon," a new play by Owen Davis: Mon. through Sat., July 14-19. (Lakewood Players, Skowhegan, Me. At 8. Mats. 2:30, Sat.)

Stockbridge—"George Washington Slept Here": through Sat., July 12. Members of the American Ballet Theatre in "Beggar on Horseback": Mon. through Sat., July 14-19. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Stony Creek—"The White Steed": through Sat., July 12. "Skylark": Mon. through Sat., July 14-19. (Stony Creek Players, Stony Creek, Conn. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs.)

Suffern—Gloria Stuart in "Mr. and Mrs. North": through Sat., July 12. Tamara and Hiram Sherman in "The Play's the Thing": Mon. through Sat., July 14-19. (County Theatre, Suffern, N.Y. 8:40.)

Westboro—Fifi D'Orsay in "Little Miss Bluebeard": through Sat., July 12. (Town Hall Playhouse, Westboro, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30. Sat.)

Westport—"La Belle Hélène," a swing musical, with a Negro cast: through Sat., July 12. Mary Boland in "Meet the Wife": Mon. through Sat., July 14-19. (Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed.)

White Plains—Tallulah Bankhead in "Her Cardboard Lover": through Sat., July 12. Bramwell Fletcher in "The Petrified Forest": Mon. through Sat., July 14-19. (Ridgeway Theatre, White Plains, N.Y. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Woodstock—Sally Rand in "Rain": Thurs. through Sun., July 10-13. Miss Rand in "The Little Foxes": Thurs. through Sun., July 17-20. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. 8:45.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—One of those gardens with four walls and a roof, but it has a nice under-the-greenwood air all the same. Jules Lande's orchestra.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Bob Knight's orchestra plays for dancing in this pleasant, if not overly spacious, room.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeably unhurried retreat, with Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's orchestras on hand to help you relax.

Monte Carlo Beach, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—A new and fine solution to that summer-evening-in-town problem. John Kirby's orchestra is not the least of its assets.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Way, way up there, you'll find a show which includes table-tennis exhibitions by Ruth Aarons and Sandor Glanz and magic by Russell Swann. Barry Winton's orchestra. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra is playing in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Viennese Roof is currently offering Hal Saunders' orchestra and a rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Peggy Fears is singing in the Café Lounge, where Howard Lally's orchestra plays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue. Sonny Kendis's orchestra.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one well over on the East Side, though Broadway-fanciers seem to like it fine. Adelaide Moffett sings and the music is by Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The airy Starlight Roof has a show more or less run by Xavier Cugat, hitherto a rumba specialist, who now plays for all kinds of dancing.

Miscellaneous—At **le coq rouge,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an attractive, small retreat, with Joseph C. Smith's orchestra. . . . **Armando's,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0799): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by George Morris's orchestra. . . . **Spivy's Roof,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): robust songs by Spivy, swing by Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen, and quieter numbers by Betty Bryant—all on top of an office building. . . . **Café Society Uptown,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with such expert Negro entertainers as Ammons and Johnson and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. . . . **Penthouse Club,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway for dinner and supper, with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below. . . . **Astor Roof,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra will be replaced by Will Bradley's and Ina Ray Hutton's on Wed., July 16. . . . **Biltmore Roof,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Ray Heatherton's orchestra. . . . **Essex House,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Johnny Messner's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **New Yorker Hotel,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **Pennsylvania,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Bobby Byrne's orchestra. . . . **Bossert Marine Roof,** Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): the view of the harbor makes you forget the trip; Bobby Parks' orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **Bill's Gay Nineties,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **Village Vanguard,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual, low-ceilinged cellar spot. There'll be entertainment by the Revuers through Sat., July 12, and, after that, a Calypso girl named Belle Rosette and a flamenco singer. Closed Mon. . . . **Jimmy Kelly's,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun way down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **Havana-Madrid,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): quite a lot of South American carryings-on, including the inevitable rumba band. . . . **La Conga,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): for la conga, with Jack Harris's orchestra. . . . **18 Club,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't especially delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Frankie Hyers is also active. . . . **Diamond Horseshoe,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Mae Murray, Nita Naldi, and Lila Lee.

Mostly for Music—At **café society downtown,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Helena Horne, Kenneth Spencer, Art Tatum, and Red Allen's band. Closed Mon. . . . **Kelly's Stable,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): no more pretentious than its name, but Billie Holiday and Hot Lips Page's band are there. . . . **Jimmy Ryan's,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away with his trio.

Al-Fresco—A couple of places where the dance floor is practically out under the trees: **Tavern-on-the-Green,** Central Pk. W. at 67 (BU 8-3954), and **Claremont Inn,** Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600).

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **Castleholm,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Polish: **Polish Restaurant,** 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Latin: **El Chico,** 8 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

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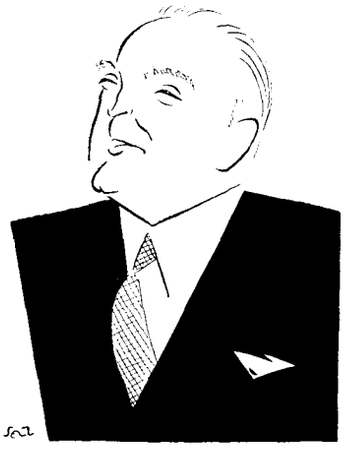

MARSHALL FIELD III,

who is now specializing in making recruits as happy as possible, as chairman of the New York City Defence Recreation Committee and as a member of the Special Gifts Committee of the U.S.O. He has forked over a Special Gift of $50,000 on his own account, and is assigned to soliciting people as rich, or almost as rich, as he is. As the bank roll of "PM," he brings to us many economical culinary recipes and much advice on other matters, too.

OUT OF TOWN

Dancing at Nearby Places—Ben Marden's **Riviera,** at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Pancho's orchestra and a show. . . . **Westchester Bath Club,** Mamaroneck (Mamaroneck 543): Ernie Holst's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **Glen Island Casino,** New Rochelle (New Rochelle 6-4480): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **Boardwalk Café,** Jones Beach, L.I. (Wantagh 1600): Guy Lombardo's orchestra; a fill-in band Mon. . . . **Chanticler,** Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Mace Irish's orchestra. . . . **Meadowbrook,** Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Sonny Dunham's orchestra. Closed Mon.

Further Out of Town—At **canoe place inn,** Hampton Bays, L.I. (Hampton Bays 150): Ray Benson's orchestra. . . . **New Prospect Hotel,** Shelter Island Heights, L.I. (Shelter Island 65): a small orchestra plays for dancing. . . . **Seven Ponds Inn,** Water Mill, L.I. (Water Mill 500): Cyril Mansfield's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **Monmouth Hotel,** Spring Lake Beach, N.J. (Spring Lake 330): Walter Feldkamp's orchestra. . . . **Perona Farm,** Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600): Ray Rizzony's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **Ross Fenton Farm,** Deal Lake, North Asbury Park, N.J. (Asbury Park 2074): Maximillian Bergère's orchestra. . . . **Sea Bright Yacht Club,** Sea Bright, N.J. (Sea Bright 82): Charlie Murray's orchestra.

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Dinner in the Country—Some agreeable objectives, usually without dancing, for summer motorists—**Bethpage,** L.I.: Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91). . . . **Brookhaven,** L.I.: Brook House (Bellport 394). . . . **Hampton Bays,** L.I.: Catena's Restaurant (Hampton Bays 170). . . . **Lake Success,** L.I.: Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790). . . . **Oakdale,** L.I.: Stirrup-Cup Castle (Sayville 889). . . . **Smithtown,** L.I.: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016), dancing nightly, except Mon. . . . **South Huntington,** L.I.: Round Hill Restaurant (Huntington 1371). . . . **Syosset,** L.I.: Stockholm (Syosset 1749), dancing nightly, except Mon. . . . **Westhampton,** L.I.: Casa Basso (Westhampton 1841). . . . **Amawalk, N.Y.:** Benedusi's (Yorktown 984). . . . **Cold Spring, N.Y.:** Harbor Hill Inn (Cold Spring 975). . . . **Dover Plains, N.Y.:** Old Drover's Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **Hawthorne, N.Y.:** Valley View Farm Inn (Pleasantville 120). . . . **Mt. Kisco, N.Y.:** Lawrence Farms Inn (Mt. Kisco 5324). . . . **New City, N.Y.:** French Farms (New City 981). . . . **Poundridge, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371). . . . **Bridgewater, Conn.:** Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830). . . . **Danbury, Conn.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 4548). . . . **Norwalk, Conn.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . **Redding Ridge, Conn.:** Spinning Wheel (Redding 67). . . . **Ridgefield, Conn.:** Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 882), dancing Sat. Eves. . . . **Southport, Conn.:** Tide Mill Tavern (Fairfield 9-2900). . . . **Westport, Conn.:** Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330), dancing nightly, except Sun. and Mon.; and Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . **Alpine, N.J.:** Le Petit Pavillon Royal (Closter 788). . . . **Bernardsville, N.J.:** Old Mill Inn (Bernardsville 70). . . . **Doylestown, Pa.:** Water Wheel Tavern (Doylestown 7941).

ART

European—At the **Wildenstein,** 19 E. 64: paintings, tapestries, and sculptures, from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, with the paintings holding most of the interest. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . **Nierendorf,** 18 E. 57: paintings, principally by French and German artists, in a general survey of the modern schools. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., July 12.

French—Several nice Vlamincks in an exhibition that ranges from Signac to Di Chirico: French Art, 51 E. 57. Mon. through Fri. 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Groups—At the **Lilienfeld,** 21 E. 57: a curiously unfinished Cézanne heads a number of works by Werner Drewes, Chagall, and other moderns. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **Contemporary Arts,** 38 W. 57: paintings of the Hudson River by several artists, including Harold Baumbach and John C. Pellew. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. through July 31. . . . **Macbeth,** 11 E. 57: nice oils by Herman Maril and Joseph De Martini, among others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . **Kraushaar,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: oils by Courbet, Sloan, Pissarro, and other French and American artists. Mon. through Fri.,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 19. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 18. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: paintings by J. M. Hanson, Dantan Sawyer, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: a retrospective showing of paintings, sculptures, and water colors by members of the gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 1. . . . KLEEMANN, 38 E. 57: group show of oils, water colors, and etchings. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31. . . . REHN, 683 5 Ave., at 54: annual summer show of oils and water colors by American artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—A large exhibit of etchings, dry points, and lithographs by Whistler, from the Museum's permanent collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—"Britain at War," an exhibition of posters, cartoons, photographs, and paintings, showing what English artists are doing (through Sept. 17); also, sixty paintings and water colors in a memorial exhibition of works by Paul Klee (through July 27). Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.

SCULPTURE—Garden pieces by Paul Manship, Wheeler Williams, and Edward McCartan: Arden, 460 Park, at 57. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

STUART—An exhibition of eight portraits, mostly of American subjects: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony—Smallens conducting, Thurs. through Sun., July 10-13; Stewart conducting, Mon. through Wed., July 14-16; Allers conducting, Thurs. and Fri., July 17-18; Adler conducting, Sat., July 19. Highlights: Gershwin program, with Levant and others, July 10; Corigliano, Lev, and Kurthy, July 12; Benny Goodman, as soloist during the first half of the program and taking over with his own band throughout the second, July 14; Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, presenting "Swan Lake," "Petrouchka," and "Prince Igor," July 17-18. (At 8:30. Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138, AU 3-3400. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57, CI 7-5534.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Central Park Mall, Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 8:30. . . . Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. at 8:30.

OPERA—The Triboro Stadium company in "Carmen," Sun. Eve., July 13, at 8:30. (Triboro Stadium, Randalls Island. For tickets, call BR 9-1000.)

OUT OF TOWN—The COLONY OPERA GUILD, presenting "Martha," Fri. Eve., July 11, and "The Marriage of Jeanette" and Act II of "Carmen," Fri. Eve., July 18, at 8:45: Wikiosko Barn Theatre, Bolton Rd., Lake George. . . . GORDON STRING QUARTET: Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Sun. Afts. at 4. . . . MAVERICK CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY: Concert Hall, Woodstock, N.Y., Sun. Afts. at 4. . . . SOUTH MOUNTAIN STRING QUARTET: Pittsfield, Mass., Sun. Afts. at 4.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. St. Louis, Thurs. Eve., July 10, at 8:45, and Sat. Aft., July 12, at 2:30; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Sun. Aft., July 13, at 2 (doubleheader), and Mon. and Tues., Afts., July 14-15, at 3; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Wed. Aft., July 16, at 3, and Thurs. Eve., July 17, at 8:45; Giants vs. Chicago, Sat. Aft., July 19, at 2:30. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Thurs. and Fri. Afts., July 10-11, at 3, and Sat. Aft., July 12, at 2:30; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Sun. Aft., July 13, at 2:05 (doubleheader), Mon. Aft., July 14, at 3, and Tues. Aft., July 15, at 1:30 (doubleheader); Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Wed. Eve., July 16, at 8:30, and Fri. Aft., July 18, at 3; Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Sat. Aft., July 19, at 2:30.

FLYING—National Gliding and Soaring Contest, Elmira, N.Y., daily through Sun., July 13.

GOLF—Sweetser Victory Tournament, Sleepy Hollow C.C., Scarborough, Fri. and Sat., July 11-12, at 10 A.M. . . . Long Island Amateur, Inwood C.C., Inwood, Fri. through Sun., July 11-13, at 9 A.M. . . . Invitation Tournament, Inwood C.C., Fri. through Sun., July 18-20, at 9 A.M.

HORSE SHOW—Monmouth County, Rumson, Thurs. and Fri., July 17-18, at 1:30 and 7:30 P.M., and Sat., July 19, at 9 A.M.

POLO—Meadow Brook Club, Westbury: Meadow Brook Club Tournaments, Thurs., Sat., and Sun. Afts., July 10, 12, and 13, at 3:30; National Twenty-Goal Tournament starts Sat. Aft., July 19, at 3:30. . . . High-goal play at Bostwick Field, Westbury, Sun. Afts. at 3:30.

RACING—Weekdays at Empire City, at 2:15 P.M.; through July 26. (Empire City Handicap, July 12.) Special trains leave Grand Central at 1:06 and 1:30 P.M.

TENNIS—Invitation Tournament, Bathing and Tennis Club, Spring Lake, N.J., daily through Sun., July 13, at 11 A.M. and 2 P.M. . . . New York State Clay Court Championships, Seminole Club, Forest Hills, Sat., July 12, through Sun., July 20, at 12 noon. . . . Invitation Tournament, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, Sat. and Sun., July 19-20, at 10 A.M.

TROTTING—Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury; nightly at 8:40, weather permitting, through Sat., July 12. Special train leaves Penn. Station at 7:24 P.M. . . . Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs; Eves., except Sun., at 8; through July 26.

YACHTING—N.Y.A.C. Block Island Race, Fri., July 11. . . . Larchmont Race Week, starting Sat., July 19. . . . Championship races on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M.: Indian Harbor Y.C., Sat., July 12.

OTHER EVENTS

WAR EXHIBIT—An air-raid shelter, anti-aircraft guns, parts of British planes, and similar combat equipment from abroad are being shown at the Museum of Science and Industry, Rockefeller Center. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

AUCTIONS—At WILLOWBROOK, Rumson, N.J.—Furniture, decorations, rugs, and garden sculptures, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Hubert K. Dalton: Sat. Morn., July 12, at 10:30.

ROSECLIFF, Newport, R.I.—The estate of the late Herman Oelrichs, including French furniture, five Gobelin tapestries, silver, rugs, and books: Mon. and Tues., July 14-15, and Thurs. through Sat., July 17-19, at 2 P.M., and Wed., July 16, at 11 A.M.

NOTE—The Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, containing the private papers, documents, maps, and other material which the President has presented to the nation, is now open to the public at Hyde Park.

MOTION PICTURES

FANTASIA—Walt Disney's wondrous combination of Bach, Beethoven, Mickey Mouse, Stokowski with the Philadelphia, Pa., Symphony Orchestra, Deems Taylor, and humor, and beauty, and general exaltation. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra showing Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

KUKAN—The Burma Road and the bombing of Chungking as they appeared to Rey Scott in his journey in the Far East. (World, 153 W. 49; through Thurs., July 17.)

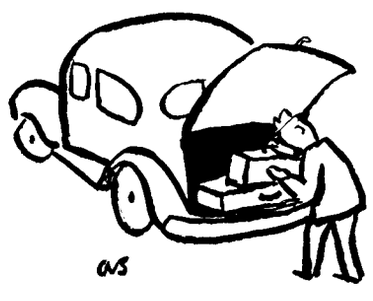
LOVE CRAZY—Demented enough for anybody, and funny too, with Myrna Loy and William Powell. Just something about marriage, losing your mind, and so on. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., July 16.)

MAN HUNT—Spies, sportsmen, Germans, and Englishmen, right before the outbreak of war. With Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon. Exciting piece. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., July 14. . . . Riverside, B'way at 96; and Nemo, B'way at 110; through Wed., July 16.)

MEET JOHN DOE—Frank Capra's lengthy dissertation on the simple American citizen and his problems, featuring Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper, and Edward Arnold. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., July 15-17.)

POT O' GOLD—Paulette Goddard and James Stewart and mild comedy and a pinch of music. All on the easy, agreeable side. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., July 14. . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., July 15-19.)

SERGEANT YORK—A magnificent picture of the last war, based on a diary of one of the great figures of that day. With Gary Cooper. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra showings Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.)



THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!—Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier in the big costume piece which would somewhat innocently present the famous romance of the beautiful Emma and her Lord Nelson. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Tues., July 11-15. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs. through Sat., July 17-19.)

THEY MET IN BOMBAY—A rather usual jewel-thief sketch, with Rosalind Russell and Clark Gable. It offers some excitement, however. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

UNDERGROUND—Gestapo drama, with Jeffrey Lynn and Philip Dorn, and without any soft-pedalling of the subject whatsoever. Grim but absorbing. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Fri., July 11.)

THE WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT—Of circus life and its sinister side. Lively melodrama, with Humphrey Bogart and Sylvia Sidney. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., July 11. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., July 15-16.)

A WOMAN'S FACE—Joan Crawford's experiment with the morbid and the dramatic, and quite successful in its way. With Melvyn Douglas and Conrad Veidt—morbid also. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Fri., July 11. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., July 12. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Mon., July 14. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., July 12-14. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; starting Wed., July 16.)

ZIEGFELD GIRL—Gaudy business, of course, but something to brighten up old codgers who remember the old days. With Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, and James Stewart. (77th Street, B'way at 77; through Tues., July 15. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Mon. through Thurs., July 14-17.)

REVIVALS

ARISE, MY LOVE (1940)—Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, and war. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., July 10.)

BALLERINA (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. French, with Mia Slavenska. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., July 10.)

CHAPLIN COMEDIES (1916-17)—"The Vagabond," "The Immigrant," "The Cure," "The Count," "The Adventurer," and "Easy Street," all two-reel shorts. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 10.)

THE EARL OF CHICAGO (1940)—American gunmen and British aristocracy. With Robert Montgomery. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., July 12.)

GIRLS' DORMITORY (1936)—Schoolgirl romance. Simone Simon, Ruth Chatterton, and Herbert Marshall. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., July 11.)

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS (1939)—Robert Donat is the English schoolmaster. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs. through Sat., July 17-19.)

I LOVE YOU AGAIN (1940)—William Powell, with Myrna Loy and amnesia. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Tues., July 12-15.)

LOVE AFFAIR (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., July 12.)

THE MAD MISS MANTON (1938)—Murder and the Junior League. Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., July 15-16.)

MY FAVORITE WIFE (1940)—Irene Dunne leaves, and comes back to, Cary Grant. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., July 13-14.)

PRIMROSE PATH (1940)—Victoria Lincoln's "February Hill." Ginger Rogers, Marjorie Rambeau, and Joel McCrea. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., July 11.)

REBECCA (1940)—Hitchcock's version of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., July 11.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., July 16-18.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Hitchcock excitement. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., July 13-14.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following early American, British, and European films, daily at 4 P.M.; also at 2 P.M. on Sun.—THURS. AND FRI., JULY 10-11: "The New York Hat" (1912), with Mary Pickford and Lionel Barrymore; "The Fugitive" (1914), with William S. Hart; "The Clever Dummy" (1917), a Mack Sennett comedy; and "A Fool There Was" (1914), with Theda Bara. SAT. AND SUN., JULY 12-13: two Italian films (1906 and 1914). MON. AND TUES., JULY 14-15: "Madame Sans-Gêne" (1911), with Gabrielle Réjane; "La Dame aux Camélias" (1912), with Sarah Bernhardt; "Vanity Fair" (1915), with Minnie Maddern Fiske; and "Cenere" (1916), with Eleanora Duse. WED. AND THURS., JULY 16-17: "The Birth of a Nation" (1915), directed by D. W. Griffith. FRI. AND SAT., JULY 18-19: "The Last of the Line" (1914), with Sessue Hayakawa; and "Civilization" (1916).

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with LIQUID SUNSHINE, Helena Rubinstein's sun preparation that will keep you from a ruddy glow over the dinner table. Delicious as a perfume. The pleasantest way we know to control a tan. .85, 1.50.

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with AQUACADE, Helena Rubinstein's Waterproof Make-up. Heat won't melt it! Water doesn't smear it! The Lipstick is indelible. The Mascara won't smudge or run. The Powder Foundation is wonderful as a cream or lotion. Light or dark. Each 1.00.

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Midsummer—

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For a prettier, slimmer figure on the beach or for a preliminary tan, start your summer with a visit to a Helena Rubinstein Salon.

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Mr. Steig, you old small-fryer, your drawing of Baby Pooks and his, her preoccupied nanny serves to remind all good New Yorker readers (and advertisers): (1) That The Saturday Evening Post is America's favorite place to read advertising. (2) That last year no magazine came within 65% of matching the Post's advertising revenue. (3) That in the first six months of 1941—the Post was more than $400,000 ahead of last year, same period.

People pay attention

when you put it in the Post

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE mail (not the telegraph) brings us a boast from Western Union to the effect that a father out in Panhandle, Texas, sent a wire to the Western Union office in Austin asking Western Union to call on his son,

Frank, residing in Austin, and administer a spanking because the young man had not written home. Western Union tells us proudly that the request was duly complied with, the office in Austin having got hold of "a husky messenger boy" to carry out the instructions. "This is in line with our policy of never saying 'No' to any request within reason," says Western Union, snickering like a fool, and alluding to its singing of birthday greetings, etc., etc. Our testy, hot-weather request to Western Union is that it pull itself together before the autumnal equinox and stop horsing around. Stop.

THE weather has produced a number of testy reactions on this continent. At Coney Island a man ran right up and bit a policeman in the hand. Near the centre of things here in town a WPA worker bit a relief investigator. (Further up the arm, above the elbow.) A man in Hillside, New Jersey, incensed at some schoolboys who, he said, had been rooting up his garden, fired on them with a shotgun loaded with bird shot, winging six. A man in Scarsdale, incensed, and suffering from lack of sleep on top of that, wrote to the *Times* and told it it had better let him know quick how to get rid of a cricket that had been carrying on in his bedroom every night. Dr. Victor Hugo Paltsits, retiring as chief of the American History Division of the New York Public Library after years of enjoying (we had always assumed) the distinction of being widely known as the scholar who discovered which leg Peter Stuyvesant lost, said to a reporter, "I know hundreds of odd facts like that, but I can't see any reason for any publicity about it. It doesn't add to the dignity of my profession." Incensed, obviously. The only constructive reaction we have come across so far is described by *Life*, which reports that Dartmouth boys have been balancing Coca-Cola bottles one on top of another and that the record now stands at nine. Occurred earlier in the summer, of course.

AS a matter of fact, there is no time like the summer for bringing about the ultimate cleavage in the personality, the final, palpable splitting of the basic gentleman or lady so that you can recognize, and even nod to, the one person in the one half and the other person in the other half. This observation is not based entirely on introspection. We have also made a first-hand examination of our friends in the field and on the beach. Only last week, for example, in a sound old unconverted barn in the fat farmland of the Hudson Valley, we saw a certain part-time agriculturalist of our acquaintance place a fatherly hand on a cow's flank and heard him ask proudly, "Isn't she a beauty?" There was a straw in his hair and God in his eye. Same fellow, so help us, we had looked at with concern only a few days before that, having come upon him in a noisy resort on Fifty-third Street with his hair in his eyes, a hand around a glass, and an arm around a stranger, blasphemy and despair clearly expressed both in his speech and in his general attitude. We could give better (or worse) examples, touching on both sexes and free from alcoholic implications. We won't. Our point is, simply, that this periodic bodily transition from city to country and back again goes a long way toward simplifying and illuminating the innate two-faced character of the human psyche. Personally, we find the piled-up evidence reassuring. We are no longer awed by the psychiatrists' mumbo jumbo on this large subject. A schizophrenic is nothing worse than our dearest friends, our best companions. As nice a bunch of double people as you'd ever want to meet.

WE have been watching with a critical eye the unchivalrous inaction of the Census Bureau, which, a while ago, made public the information that men vastly outnumber women in several portions of the United States and possessions. Hundreds of women naturally wrote forthwith, asking for the names and addresses of bachelors and widowers in these places, but the Bureau, stuffily refusing to grant these straightforward requests, is just sitting there saying nothing. This is not only an unimaginative but a futile attitude for a governmental agency to take. Hundreds of anxious women in search of unattached men are not easy to deter or even sidetrack; one way or another, they will undoubtedly be starting out any time now, singly and grimly and in a free-lance spirit, for Guam, Alaska,

Puerto Rico, Hawaii, or the Canal Zone, as well as the Borough of Richmond, which is in the same fix. It would be far more seemly if they went in groups, happily, and with the blessings of the U.S. Here, plainly, is something for the government to monkey with in the old American way. These unsettled men represent a last frontier. The challenge is evident, the pattern in harmony with tradition—the men, unconquered and full of promise, the women purposeful and bent on finding and sub-

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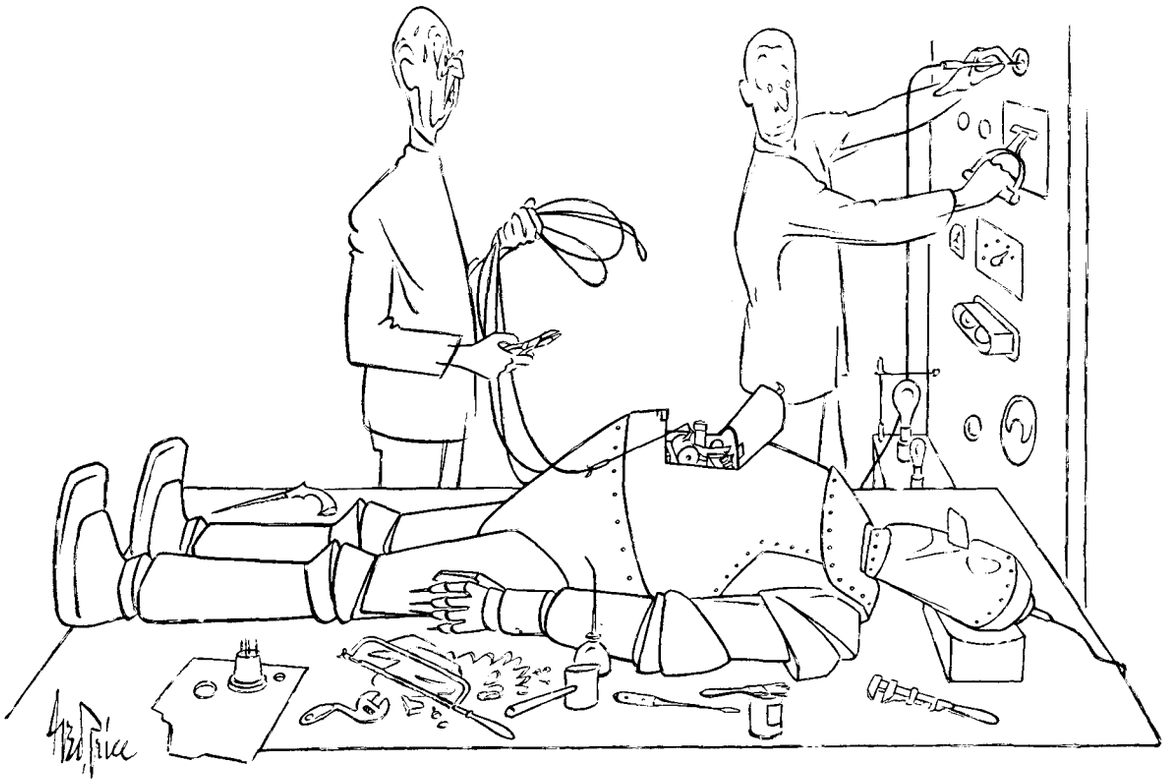

"Then there's another possibility—maybe he's playing possum."

• •

duding them. We would like to see the government, carrying out the old custom, draw the ladies up in a line and, at the shot of a musket, let them go hell for leather to stake out their claims. A little coöperation from Washington and soon the women of the first contingent would be coming down from the Bronx, stalking through town to the Battery, there to be assembled outside the change booths of the Staten Island ferry, compacts closed and eyes directed toward the distant, hazy shores of St. George. The gunshot sounds, LaGuardia slaps his great hat on his thigh, and they're off to realize the American dream.

Secret

WHILE preparing a paper to be read before her women's club, a White Plains lady found it necessary to discover whether or not the Interstate Commerce Commission had been in existence twenty years ago. She called up the Interstate Commerce Commission (it's in the Manhattan Telephone Directory) and put her question to the man who answered. Evidently an old-line bureaucrat, he was immediately on the defensive. "We can't give out information over the telephone, Madam," he cried. "And besides, do you realize how much work it would be for us to go over our files for the last twenty years?" The lady said feebly that she'd hoped somebody would know without having to look it up. "Well, that's not the way we do things," the I.C.C. man said. "I've been here twenty-five years, but I can tell you nothing until I've consulted the files."

Food for Prisoners

THIS is to remind you that you can send food to prisoners of war in Germany through the Red Cross. Locally, you deal with the War Prisoners' Service, 315 Lexington Avenue. If you have a specific prisoner in mind, you may have the package delivered to him. If you don't know what camp he is in, the Foreign Inquiry Service of the Red Cross can probably locate him for you. If you want to send a package of food to an undesignated prisoner, you simply pay for one, and it will be delivered to one of the camps and be handed out by the highest-ranking officer imprisoned there to the man he thinks needs it most. A package costs $2.20 in either case. This is for eleven pounds of balanced rations, calculated to last a week: evaporated milk, soda biscuits, Kraft Cheddar cheese, instant cocoa, sardines, pork, corned beef, sweet chocolate, lump sugar, powdered orange concentrate, prunes, instant coffee, cigarettes, and smoking tobacco.

Delivery of these packages has been arranged on an efficient mass-production basis. They are made up over here and shipped in lots of five to ten thousand to Geneva, via Lisbon and Marseilles. They are navicerted by the British. Whenever the Red Cross here gets a contribution for a package, it sends the address of the recipient to Geneva, where the International Red Cross takes care of the actual mailing. These packages travel postage free, under the Geneva Treaty of 1864, which pertains to the treatment of prisoners of war. Another article of the treaty provides that prisoners be given the same food as the captor army; Hitler's prisoners, however, get black coffee (ersatz) for breakfast, potato soup for lunch, black bread and cabbage for dinner, so presumably he's not fanatically adhering to the Geneva Treaty of 1864. The International Red Cross is encouraged, however, by the fact that of a round 200,000 packages sent to British prisoners, 175,000 brought acknowledgments on self-addressed postal cards tucked in each package. (Of course, to give the other side of the argument, even a German can write "Thank you" on a postal card.)

You should be advised that the Red Cross also accepts funds for food, soap, shoes, underwear, or shirts for unidentified prisoners of any nationality you wish to specify. That is, you can send soap to Poles or shirts to Russians. The Red Cross cannot send anything to political prisoners, or to civilians in concentration camps; these fall outside the provisions of the Geneva Treaty. Individually addressed packages for Axis prisoners in English prison camps can be sent to these men through the Central Agency for Prisoners of War, which is also in Geneva.

Puzzle

A MAGAZINE writer went out to Dearborn a while ago, as so many of them do, for an interview with one of Mr. Henry Ford's officials. He

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had a pleasant and profitable talk, and at its conclusion the Ford man insisted on sending for a car to take him back to Detroit. This turned out to be a Lincoln Zephyr, with a chauffeur in uniform. It impressed the writer, who left full of zest, and it seemed to impress the chauffeur, too, for early in the conversation that sprang up when they got under way, he remarked that the writer must be some kind of big shot. "We use a Ford for most visitors," the driver continued. "Even plant managers don't rate no better than a Mercury. There aren't twelve men in the country that would rate a Lincoln." The writer said that, as a matter of fact, when the car was ordered for him, no make had been specified. "He just said, 'Tell Sweeney to call for a visitor,' " the writer told the chauffeur. The chauffeur nodded wisely. "That's code," he said. "My name ain't Sweeney, any more than yours is." He drove a few minutes in silence, thinking the situation over, and then said in a worried way, "Say, maybe he got the code mixed up!"

Bolero!

A CONSIDERABLE number of local music-lovers are under the impression that the word "Bolero," repeated loudly and enthusiastically, constitutes a sort of cheer, equivalent to "Bravo!," "Yip, yip!," or "Three cheers and a locomotive for the Goldman Band!" At any rate, this is the considered opinion of Mr. Richard Franko Goldman, associate conductor of the Goldman Band, which plays, summers, four nights a week on the Mall in Central Park and three nights a week in Brooklyn. Mr. Goldman bases this belief on the fact that at the conclusion of these concerts a large group of listeners invariably shout "Bolero!" At first he thought they wanted the band to play Ravel's Bolero, but then they yelled "Bolero!" even on evenings when this composition had already been played, and sometimes just after it had been played, and he came, wonderingly, to the above conclusion.

Mr. Goldman is a lean, dark, neatly mustached gentleman of thirty. He told us of his "Bolero" experiences the other morning, when we visited him at his apartment in the East Forties. He has been helping out his father, Edwin Franko Goldman, conductor of the Goldman Band, since 1937, leading anywhere from one to five pieces at each concert—generally those of the more modern composers, such as Stravinsky, Roy Harris, and Aaron Copland. The senior Goldman's tastes run more to Bach, Beethoven, and to marches, but he allows his son a pretty free hand when it comes to including his own preferences. These do not embrace the Bolero. "I'm not only sick of the Bolero but also of 'Tannhäuser,' 'William Tell,' and '1812,' " the junior Goldman told us. "Our audiences love these, but they also show a surprising enthusiasm for Stravinsky, which is encouraging."

We noticed some rather surrealist paintings in Goldman's apartment, and he informed us that they were the work of his wife, whom he met and married in Paris nine or ten years ago. Mrs. Goldman, an alert, dark-haired girl, joined us a moment later, offered us some cookies, and listened attentively as her husband, at our instance, told us the story of his life. He was brought up in a musical atmosphere, what with his father and five Franko great-uncles and aunts, who, as child prodigies on the violin and piano, had toured America and Europe and later became well-known adult musicians. Richard studied piano, harmony, and composition as a child, but at high school and Columbia specialized in art and Greek. He graduated from college in 1930, when he was only nineteen, with a Phi Beta Kappa key. After a year's postgraduate work in art he went to Paris, where he studied music and languages for a year or so. Returning to this country in 1933, he wrote stories for pulp magazines with considerable success. "Mrs. Goldman is a genius," he said. "She collaborated with me on the pulps."

Goldman began composing music and

"I'd have taken a chance and shot it out with them, wouldn't you?"

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arranging scores for bands during his pulp career; by 1937 he had given up writing, and was teaching music and conducting in a summer music school in Saugerties, New York. His father heard him there and invited him to become associate conductor of the Goldman Band. Richard accepted and changed his middle name, which had been Henry, to Franko, thinking this move would make him feel more musical. His father's account of himself in *Who's Who* still lists his son as Richard Henry Goldman, however.

Winters, Richard Franko conducts the band of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union; all year round he composes and arranges scores. He and his father tour the country a good deal, conducting high-school and college orchestras at special festivals in the general interest of music. The Goldman Band concerts attract a certain amount of fan mail, and Richard is reconciled to the fact that the bulk of this is addressed to his father. "One man has appointed my father a general in the Chinese Army," he told us. "He sends him a check every few days and congratulates him on how well he's doing against the Japanese."

"For one thing, he had a better education than the rest of we boys."

Outcast

A TALL, elegant lady went into one of our biggest department stores with thoughts of buying a skirt—just a skirt, to wear around the house with some blouses she had. The salesgirl she talked to quelled this notion in no time. "They don't make skirts for tall people," she said.

Mr. Chase and the Sergeant

HERE we go, climbing right aboard Warner Brothers' band wagon, with a mention of Sergeant York. We do this in order to record a few facts which we consider interesting about the discovery of Sergeant York and his discoverer, Mr. Joseph Cummings Chase, the artist, long a resident of the Chelsea Hotel, this city. During the last war, and after the armistice, Mr. Chase had the odd military assignment of travelling about the Western Front with canvases, brushes, and oils, painting portraits of prominent or striking members of the A.E.F. To facilitate his getting to where he wanted to go and no questions asked, he was given the rank of colonel, or at any rate was given a pair of colonel's shoulder eagles; these he usually carried in his pocket, producing them only when necessary, like a plainclothesman. Pershing used to call him, simply, Mr. Chase, and Chase remarks occasionally today, when the subject comes up, that he was the only "Mr." in the A.E.F. He did a total of a hundred and forty-two portraits, on occasion working from dawn to dawn, using artificial light when the

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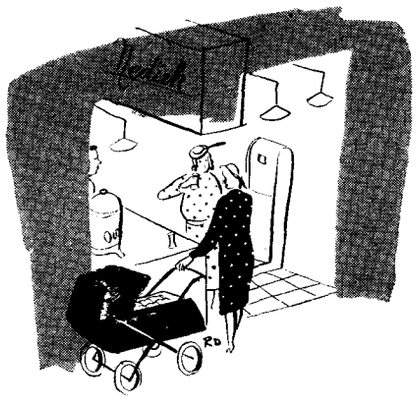
sun went down. The portraits were commissioned for use in the *War Department Record*, a military publication not unlike a college yearbook. During the Victory Loan drive in New York, all the hundred and forty-two portraits were exhibited along Fifth Avenue.

Well, one night in October, 1918, Mr. Chase was in the field headquarters of a General Duncan at Bar-sur-Aube painting a portrait of the General, and the latter told him that a certain corporal named York, of his outfit, had just made a singlehanded capture of a hundred and thirty-two Germans and thirty-five machine guns, and that such an exploit ought to qualify him as a portrait subject. Mr. Chase having agreed, the General sent a courier to Corporal York's billet, twenty miles or so away, with instructions to hurry right over. Mr. Chase painted York in the dead of night, taking two hours to finish the canvas, which, incidentally, he still has in his possession. As he worked, he drew York out and got his complete story. Shortly after that, Chase ran into George Pattullo, a correspondent for the *Saturday Evening Post*, and told him about York. Pattullo dug up York, and presently a story called "York's Battle" appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*. At about the same time a piece by Mr. Chase himself appeared in *World's Work*, "The Story of York." The whole thing astonished the high officers of the A.E.F. no end. Pershing has frequently been quoted as having classed York as the greatest hero of the A.E.F., but Pershing never did any such thing. York was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, as were two or three score other soldiers, and Pershing and the headquarters officers always punctiliously refrained from drawing any comparisons. None of the other Medal of Honor men attracted much attention, except possibly in their home towns, but when York got back he was given a reception that remained the peak for arriving heroes until Lindbergh returned after flying the Atlantic. The rest is cinematic history.

Ideal Consumer

COUPLE of weeks ago, on the Bromo-Seltzer radio program, the announcer read a testimonial from a toolmaker named Dick Tinkle (at least, the name sounded like Dick Tinkle). Mr. Tinkle had only the best to say about the effects of a Bromo on his system and recommended it to everybody else. Later in the week, the Tums



program included a testimonial which spoke glowingly of the beneficial effects of Tums. It was signed Dick Tinkle, toolmaker, same address as the Tinkle who endorsed Bromo. Only one listener noticed it, so far as we know, and he told us.

Spy in the Bronx

LAST week we journeyed up to 563 Cauldwell Avenue, just off 149th Street, in the Bronx, to see how the neighbors were taking the news that Axel Wheeler-Hill, who used to live there, had pleaded guilty to charges of espionage brought by the F.B.I. We found them sternly excited for the most part but not surprised. For one thing, they pointed out, the very location of his apartment—E7 at 563—was suspicious, or at least suspicious when occupied by the brother of the former national secretary of the German-American Bund; it faces a part of the street where there are no buildings, implying a desire for privacy and possibly skulduggery. Also, he had strung a radio antenna from the roof of his apartment building to another one half a block away. "You don't need an aerial like that to get Amos and Andy," one of the street-corner set remarked to us. Actually, of course, the F.B.I. found that Wheeler-Hill was in possession of an efficient little short-wave transmission set. On Cauldwell Avenue, they say it was the Edison man who tipped off the G-men that E7 was using a disproportionate amount of current, and probably up to no good.

Wheeler-Hill was described by the folk we talked with as being about forty, somewhat bald, droopy-lidded, and clean-shaven. He used to come out of an evening to air his dog, a small, hairless animal which could sit in the palm of his hand. He wasn't much of a dresser, favoring slacks, sports shirts, and odd coats. One buxom young lady told us that on a recent evening she and some of her girl friends were sitting on the steps of her apartment, singing German songs. Wheeler-Hill happened by just as they started "Deutschland über Alles" and stopped to listen. When they finished he complimented them on their singing. "He may be a spy," she said girlishly, "but he's nice." The proprietor of a used-car lot on 149th Street remembers that the spy once dropped in to price some of his models, but found them all too expensive; what this country needs, he said as he left, is a good People's Car.

An Irish lady of the neighborhood recalled that she'd been having considerable trouble with her radio, particularly around 11:30 in the morning, when trying to get a favorite serial, "Aunt Jenny's True Life Stories." Her set would "go plunk" and there would be "scratching noises." Since they took Axel off to the cooler, Aunt Jenny has been coming through clear as a bell. Still, this lady doesn't feel too happy about the neighborhood and has on that account asked us to withhold her name. She has, she feels, made enemies by pouring water out of her window on people she heard saying "Heil Hitler." "Glory be to God, we'd move out tomorrow if we hadn't signed a lease," she told us. "The neighborhood is full of Nazis."

Norbert Wolff, the proprietor of the neighborhood radio shop, knew definitely that there was something phony afoot. A fellow he sold a radio to had trouble getting WEVD, and Wolff found that the trouble was caused by dot-and-dash coming in on an unlicenced wave length. Wolff thinks that Wheeler-Hill's sending set was very powerful and the length of the antenna is prima-facie evidence that he was in touch with the Wilhelmstrasse. He figures that Axel would receive messages from other members of the ring in a hangout near Floyd Bennett Field, where another short-wave transmitter was found. He'd get dope on the movement of bombers and send it abroad. "It's the logical angle," says Wolff.

Gift

ONE humid evening of last week, a pretty girl was standing by a bus stop, thinking about national defence, when a *Daily News* truck stopped near her. The driver leaned out and handed her a nice, fresh *News*. She was somewhat rattled by this unusual experience, but the driver quickly made a reasonable explanation. "I get tired of just handing them out to cops," he said.

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FIN DE SIÈCLE

IT wasn't necessary for Don Merrill to join up; the Ministry of Labour and National Service hadn't called his age group yet. But with the Merrills it was less a question of heroics than of eating or not eating. Because of the war, no one seemed anxious to buy Don's pictures or to let Ernestine design a room. Even if people had the money to spare, they didn't want to spend it on things which, experience had shown, were subject to splintering and mangling. People wanted to buy something solid, a few acres of ground on which to raise chickens and pigs and grow food to eat. "Safe as houses" was a maxim which meant nothing nowadays with the dust drifting round London, fine brick dust that got in the eyes and made women's black clothes look gray and unfresh. Don went into the Army because he couldn't think what else to do.

Ernestine Merrill had never expected to find herself a soldier's wife. She and Don had both been ardent pacifists right up to Munich, and they had often made disparaging remarks about the military caste. Now here she was, drawing her wife's allowance every week at the post office and liking it. It was wonderful to be able to go out and buy a chop and pay for it instead of getting it on tick because some bitch of a woman hadn't yet paid for having her dining room done over from Regency to Ernestine Merrill. When she first saw Don in khaki it was a shock, certainly. During peacetime his tastes ran to tough, richly colored shirts and hairy neckties of peasant inspiration. In his uniform he looked drab as a sparrow, all buttoned up and slicked down.

At first he had made little jokes about his new life. It was rather like going back to school, really, he wrote to her. You did what you were told, you ate and slept at regular hours, you began to get keen about all sorts of idiotic things. When he was singled out for a commission, it became apparent that the keenness was real, not ironic. The first few times she heard him talking about "we" it took her a moment or two to realize that he didn't mean the calm domestic "we," Don and Ernestine, but the regiment to which he was going to be attached. Already he had identified himself with it.

He finished his officer-cadet training course and came up to London for seven days' leave before being posted to his unit. On the surface, their life for that week reverted to normal. They got up late, dressed leisurely, and went out every night. The studio, which had acquired a chilly, almost virginal air while Don was away, once more became human with his clothing scattered about, the smell of his pipe and of male food cooking. Ernestine had not realized how bored she was with the scrappy feminine trays she had been languidly fixing for herself.

"I drew three more clubs and filled my flush!"

Picking up the telephone one night, Don said, "Let's get hold of everyone. I want to talk. God, how I want to talk!"

It was difficult to get a few friends together nowadays—quite ridiculously difficult. The war had a frightening way of making them vanish into thin air. You dialled a number and the phone rang and rang until someone beside you said "Didn't you know? She's taken the children to New York" or "Aren't they in Cornwall?" or, rather thoughtfully, "Of course, it *was* a bad blitz last night." The Merrills' crowd had been entirely split up. Paul Hathaway, who used to run the precious little Ulysses Press, was a fighter pilot. Elliot Quinn was toting a Home Guard rifle with retired Tory generals in the intervals of his censorship job. Linda was a nurse. Before the war she had been fashion editor of a glossy weekly, going to all the Paris collections, always looking the picture of what more timid women would do their best to look like next season. It was funny seeing her in her unbecoming nurse's cap, her nails short and without varnish. Little Jimmy Shaw, who had shared a house with the Merrills one painting summer near Auxerre, had been killed in action. The list could go on indefinitely. All over London telephone bells were ringing angrily through empty rooms over which the fine brick dust, seeping in at shuttered windows, was beginning to settle.

Most of all, thought Ernestine, the talk for which Don seemed so hungry was different. There was no conversation that wasn't about the war. People talked only of themselves, their jobs, their bombs, their version of Don's new "we." She tried to remember what they had talked about before the war. She couldn't. All those good evenings belonged now to the sociologists, the scholars of the future browsing among the remains of the doomed thirties. She wondered if Don felt the same, but he didn't say anything. In the end they went out to dinner alone. Familiar faces, strange over unfamiliar uniforms, swam into focus through the cigarette haze in the Café Royal. The seven days passed in a flash. She had the feeling that he was really quite pleased to be going back.

AFTER Don left, there seemed to Ernestine to be no point in staying in London, and the next weekend she went down to the country to look for rooms that would be near him. It was a

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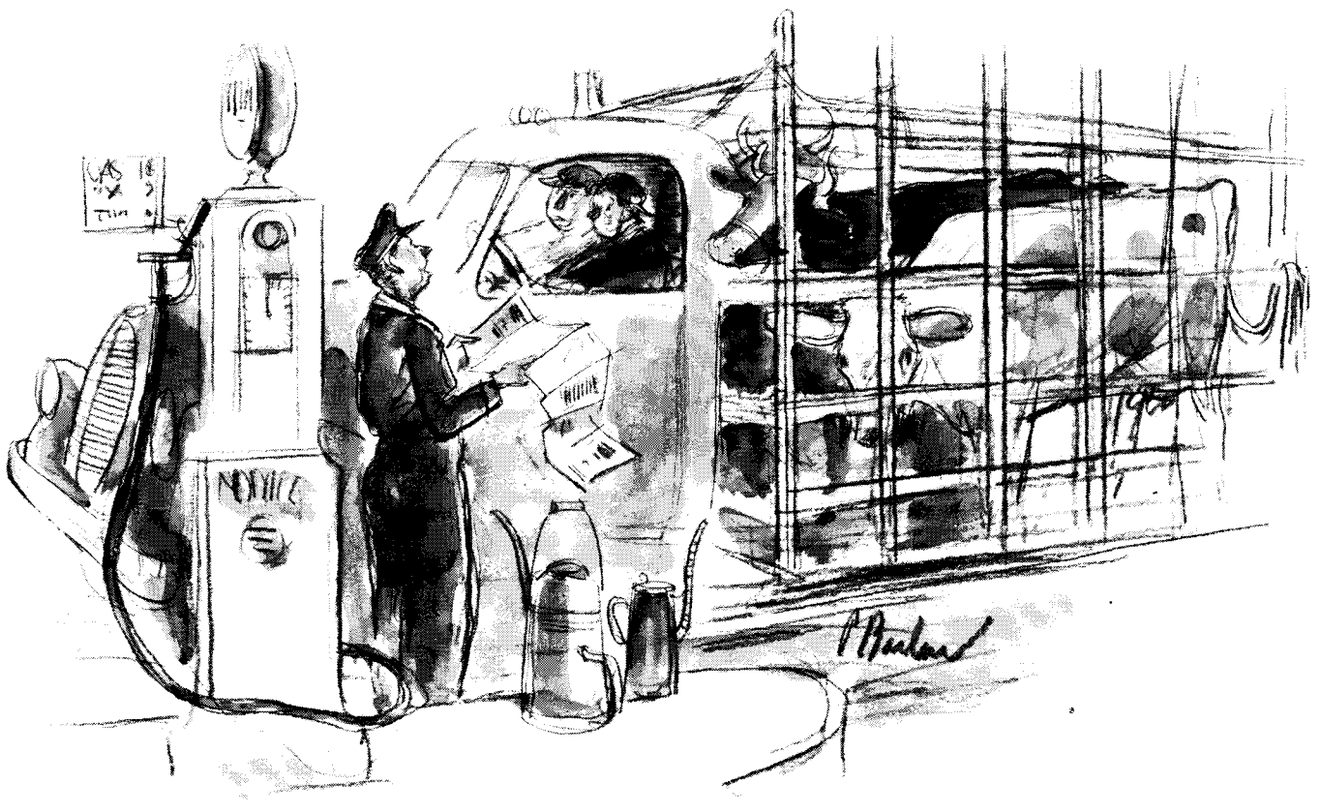

"Which do you want—the shortest route or the most scenic?"

• •

coincidence that Don should be stationed in a place that both he and Ernestine knew well. They had often stayed with Walter and Miriam Brady in the white house that Walter had built on a hill where it could be plainly seen, flashing in the sun, an airy glass insult to the spinsters and the retired colonels of the valley as they looked through their leaded Tudor panes. The house had been a centre for the Merrills' crowd in the old days, but the Bradys weren't there any more. The war had finished Walter's profession as it had finished Don's and Ernestine's. After waiting about for some time in the queue of well-known architects who were hoping for government jobs, he had joined the Air Force and Miriam had taken the boy to Australia. They were two of the friends who had simply vanished.

"Now I know what was wrong with my leave," Don said. "Walter wasn't there to talk to. I'd have liked to talk to Walter."

It was his first admission, Ernestine noticed, that anything at all had been wrong with his leave.

"You won't be bored, because all the other wives are down here too," he had said when he met her at the train. She looked at him cautiously. Remarks which six months ago would have been meant ironically were often quite serious now, and she didn't want to laugh when she wasn't supposed to. His face was unsmiling.

"I'm longing to meet them," she said.

She had brought down a lot of khaki wool and she sat with Don in the little bar of the local pub, knitting a pullover, like all the other women. She hadn't knitted for years and she was slow at it, but it seemed to be the right thing to do. "Oh, *that* pattern!" the wives would say cozily, dropping into a neighboring chair. "I've just done it for Jim. You'll find it a bit of a beast when you come to the neck." The pub was full of regiment and so was the village, but there were still one or two cottages they might try for rooms, the landlord said as he passed Don's beer and Ernestine's sherry over the counter. "One of them must be very near the Bradys' place," Don said.

"Mr. Brady?" said the landlord. "Ah, he's gone now. In the Air Force, so they tell me."

"Yes, the last I heard, he was in Egypt," said Don.

The landlord didn't seem very communicative. Maybe, Ernestine suggested as they finished their drinks and went out, maybe Walter had gone away owing him money. Don said he wouldn't be surprised. It would be more surprising to find someone to whom Walter didn't owe money. They laughed as they thought of him, in his shocking old sweater and sailcloth trousers, going into the pub as though he owned it, shouting for the landlord, and taking away gin and beer for the houseful of thirsty weekend guests.

"Remember that last weekend?" said Ernestine. "Linda and Jimmy were there. We were all sun-bathing on the terrace and Jimmy was painting Miriam. Remember? It must have been the August just before the war."

"We might go and look at the house on our way," Don said. "I wonder if it's been bought yet. I forgot to ask."

The first thing they saw as they came round the corner of the familiar lane was a big board, "For Sale." Across it a smaller board said despondently, "No reasonable offer refused." Don stopped the car.

"Let's take a walk round now," he said. "We can go and ask about the rooms afterward. It's probably those cottages just across the way."

A man was working in one of the

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cottage gardens, digging a piece of ground among the apple trees. He stopped working and watched them as they pushed open Walter's gate and walked up the drive. Ernestine was feeling fine because it was a nice day and she was with Don. She looked at him out of the corner of her eye and thought how well and how young he looked in his new uniform. For years he had looked permanently worried. Anxiety had settled in fine lines round his eyes and lips, but now he was tanned and contented, with the contentment of a man who knows where his next meal and a whole settled future of next meals are coming from. Ernestine slipped her hand under his arm, and he looked at her and smiled.

"Poor old Walter," he said.

She had not been thinking of Walter, and now she looked guiltily at Walter's house. She told herself that all houses empty for a long time had that same sordid and derelict air. But Walter's house seemed especially forlorn. It looked like something left over from an exhibition, a section of some *démodé* World's Fair that people would presently come and take down and cart away. They walked round the terrace and peered through the enormous sliding glass walls that Walter had built in defiance of this windy country and the English climate. There was dust on the shining black composition floors; spiders had established a colony in the specially heated vitrines where Miriam had kept her tropical plants.

"It looks funny without the Dufy on that wall," Ernestine said.

"It looks funniest of all without Walter," Don said. As if by agreement, they straightened up and walked rapidly down the drive, not looking back.

YES, Ernestine thought, it's funniest of all without Walter. And without Miriam and Linda and Elliot, Paul and Jimmy and the rest of them. They had gone, and the integrity, the personality of the house had splintered like matchwood. Nobody knew where Walter was. He might be dead. Jimmy was dead, and so were Peter Nash and Nicholas. David had gone to California in the rout of the intellectuals. Lovely Linda was dosing tubercular clerks with cough mixture in a Brixton cellar. Going back to Walter's house had been like visiting a cemetery where there were no tidy tombstones recording beginnings and endings but only question marks over the graves. She looked at Don to see if his flesh was creeping too, and decided that he was thinking of something else. He looked at the view appraisingly as he shut the gate.

"We're having a three-day exercise over this area next week," he said. "Tanks and the whole works. It's grand country for tanks."

"It must be, darling," she said.

The man digging in the garden opposite had come up to his hedge and was leaning on his spade, waiting for them. "If you're wanting the key, the agent at Sarumcester has it," he said.

"We don't want the key," said Don. "We were just having a look around."

The man wiped his face with the back of his hand and nodded cheerfully. He looked Don up and down. "Ah, it's not the sort of place you'd like, sir," he said. "There's many as stops to look, out of curiosity, you might say, but they never wants the key. Who'd be wanting an outlandish place as that is? A regular landmark it is to the bombers, shouldn't wonder, standing out on the hilltop so white and flashing. See it miles off, young fellow in the Air Force tells my son."

"It could be camouflaged," Don said.

"Ah, it *could* be," the man said dubiously. "But then, think of the blackout, sir! That's what a gentleman who comes to look at it says to me. 'Think of all that glass and the blackout,' he says. Oh no, it wouldn't do for you and the lady, sir. A funny bunch used to be there—a Mr. Brady and his friends down from London. Yes, a regular funny bunch." He looked at Don again, friendly and respectful, his blue eyes smiling as they glanced over the spick-and-span uniform. "They weren't your sort at all, sir. Not at all."

Ernestine looked at Don. He was smiling too. She waited for him to explain that they were friends of the Bradys and knew the house well. But instead, he said in a brisk, pleasant voice, "As a matter of fact, we're not house-hunting at all. We're trying to find a billet for my wife. Perhaps you can tell us where Mrs. Coombes lives?"

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

THE UNCANNY KNACKS OF MR. DOHERTY

. . . an uncanny knack of knowing which way the wind was blowing while his competitors still were holding their moistened fingers in the air . . .—*From the Herald Tribune's obituary of Henry L. Doherty, the utilities operator.*

You, *Herald Tribune*, know not the half, or the tenth, of this man's uncanny knacks.
He also locked the barn door while they were putting the cart before the horse
And he was counting his chickens while they were putting all their eggs in one basket.
He burned his bridges while they were changing horses in midstream
And he made plenty of jack while they were being dull boys.
He kept his tongue in his cheek while they were turning first one, then the other,
And he had his ear to the ground and his eye on the ball while they were sitting on the fence.
He made hay while they were looking for silver linings on cloudy days
And he caught worms while they were chasing early birds.
He made his own needle while they were hunting in haystacks,
Took his stitch long before they could count up to nine,
And kept his shirt on while they were buying breeches too big for them.
Moreover, he got good cooks to boil his water while they were watching the pot,
Knew which side of his bread was buttered,
Had his cake and ate it while they were biting the hand that fed them,
Never bit off more than he could chew,
And had finished his meal by the time they began singing for their suppers.
He never spared the rod or spoiled the broth. Salute!

—STANLEY WALKER

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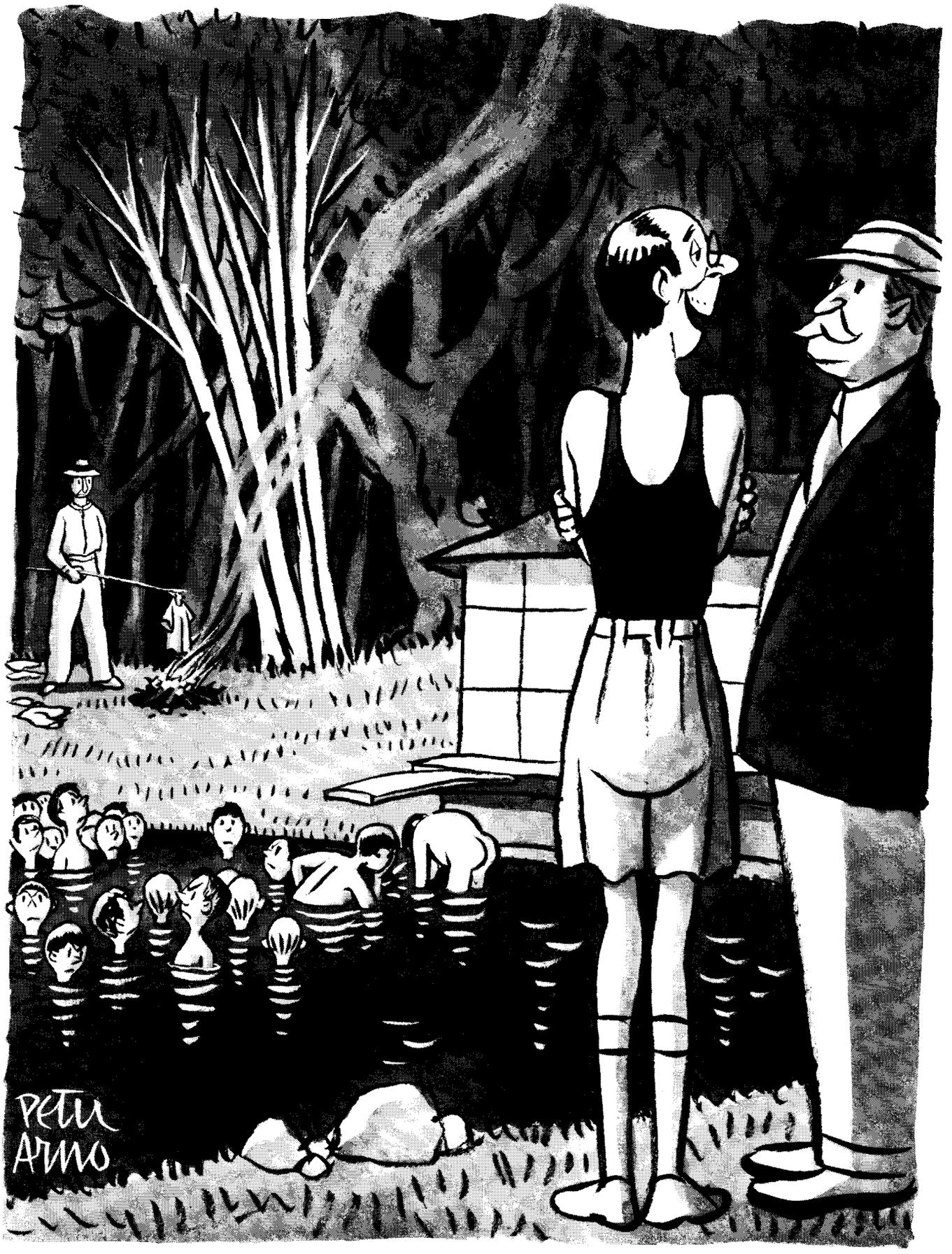

"The boys saw their first skunk today."

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THE LOST MANDOLIN OF THE SPLENDIDE

TOWARD the end of luncheon one day, as the orchestra was hurrying through its last number, "Who Stole My Heart Away?," Mrs. Lucius Le Grand Prideaux came up the flight of steps that led to the main dining room of the Hotel Splendide and Monsieur Victor, the maître d'hôtel, showed her to a table.

As he walked beside Mrs. Prideaux, she told him that the night before, at a costume party given for charity in the ballroom of the hotel, she had lost, or rather had forgotten, a mandolin. She had come to the party as an Italian street singer. The mandolin was part of her costume and of no value; she had had it made out of an old cigar box and some odds and ends. If it was found, she would like to have it for sentimental reasons, but it was of no importance. As Monsieur Victor pulled Madame's chair and clicked his tongue for the captain who took care of her table, he promised that he would have the mandolin back in a few minutes.

As always when removing himself from an important client, Monsieur Victor left backing away, making three deep bows. The last bow bowed, he turned quickly and made a smaller fourth bow toward the table to which he had turned his back, and whispered, "*Pardon.*" Then he went with hurried steps to his desk at the door, his hands tense, as if life itself depended on the finding of the mandolin of Mrs. Lucius Le Grand Prideaux.

First of all, Monsieur Victor telephoned in person to von Kyling, the banquet manager, who ranked slightly below him. Von Kyling said that no musical instrument had been found. In a few moments one of von Kyling's assistants came running down to the restaurant and confirmed this.

Von Kyling himself came down shortly afterward and reported that early that morning one of the housemen had seen a waiter pick up something out of a heap of confetti and broken glass swept together in a corner of the ballroom—something that may have been the lost mandolin. The man had thought at the time it was an empty, thrown-away cigar box, but since he had heard that the mandolin was made out of a cigar box he thought he remembered seeing some strings and a neck on it. In fact, he was sure the waiter, as he took the object away, plucked the strings and made some sort of sound with it. Monsieur Victor asked what time the houseman had observed this. Right after he came on duty, von Kyling said. Between seven and seven-thirty. Monsieur Victor dismissed the banquet manager with a nod of the head and called for the assistant maître d'hôtel. He asked this man to get hold of the waiter who opened the breakfast room. He reasoned that this waiter, being on duty early in the morning, must have been the one the houseman had seen.

The waiter who opened the breakfast room at six-thirty every morning was a man by the name of Marvel, a Swiss. As soon as he came on duty he always opened the windows, to ventilate the room, and then, with the help of a busboy, took the chairs down off the tables, where they stood during the night so that the cleaners could get at the carpet with the vacuum machines. When Marvel had covered the tables with linen, the busboy ran down to the main pantry for the boxes of silver, and together he and Marvel put glasses, plates, and napkins around. This done, they brought out the salt and pepper shakers, the sugar, the menus, and the vases with flowers. Before the busboy filled the water bottles, he went down to the kitchen to get some coffee and rolls and butter, and he and the waiter had their breakfast out in the pantry.

Marvel was hidden in the breakfast room, away from the grandeur of the main restaurant, because he had a bad foot. He had fallen down a flight of iron stairs that led from the pantry to the hotel kitchen and had broken his right foot. It had been set badly and then reset several times, but he still could not walk well.

To hide his defect, he stood in back of sideboards or screens as often as he could and when he had to go to a table, he ran. To anyone who did not know about his affliction, he seemed to be in high spirits—hop, skip, hop, he danced along, the deep carpet swallowing the bad gait. On the street, when he left the hotel, he let himself go. His body from the hips up seemed to rotate as he walked. The head bobbed up and down violently. The right foot was thrown down at the pavement in a sudden, angry slap, the way German soldiers march on parade. The left foot walked along quietly.

In the twenty years that Marvel had been in the service of the Splendide, he had learned no more English than was necessary to carry on his breakfast and luncheon conversations with guests, and even that was faulty.

When Monsieur Victor asked for him, he was told that Marvel had, as usual, gone home for the afternoon. Monsieur Victor told his assistant to call up the waiter and have him come immediately. Then he went into the dining room and explained to Mrs. Prideaux that he was making progress but that the mandolin had not yet been found. Mrs. Prideaux finished her luncheon and left, telling Monsieur Victor not to go to too much trouble, that the mandolin was really of no great importance.

Marvel had no telephone and so the chief busboy was told to go to his house, which was a few blocks away on First Avenue.

AT four o'clock, Monsieur Victor got together everyone who had anything to do with the closing of the

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ballroom and the opening of the breakfast room. There were about a dozen employees altogether. The investigation was carried on in the empty breakfast room. The assistant maître d'hôtel put a chair between two tall vases of hydrangeas, the doors of the breakfast room were closed, and then Monsieur Victor sat down. Marvel was the first to be questioned.

"You are the breakfast waiter?"

"*Oui*, M'sieur Victor."

"You are on duty in the breakfast room from six o'clock on?"

"*Oui*, M'sieur Victor."

"And your duty is mainly to stay in that room and wait for the first guest."

"*Oui*, M'sieur Victor."

"But apparently you don't, Marvel. You make excursions, Marvel. You run all over the house." Monsieur Victor looked at Marvel's foot. "What business, Marvel, have you in the ballroom, hmm?"

"No business, M'sieur Victor."

"You were seen in the ballroom this morning at seven, picking up a mandolin. The houseman there saw you." Monsieur Victor turned to the houseman. "This is the man, isn't it?"

"*Si*, Signor Victor, that's him."

Monsieur Victor turned back to Marvel. "Where is that mandolin, Marvel?"

"I took it home, M'sieur Victor."

"You took it home—he took it home! *Da hört sich doch alles auf*," said Monsieur Victor to von Kyling, with whom he usually spoke in German. "You took it home. Do you know the rules of this hotel, Marvel? Do you know that you are never to take anything out of the house, even your own belongings, without a written permission from your department head? Do you know that all things that are found must be turned over to the office?"

"*Oui*, M'sieur Victor."

"Then why did you take that mandolin home?"

"Because, M'sieur Victor, because it was junk—it lay in a pile of dust and confetti and sweepings and torn paper hats. It was just a cigar box and I wanted it to take home to my little boy."

"Run home, Marvel, and bring back that mandolin immediately!"

"M'sieur Victor—"

Monsieur Victor seemed surprised that Marvel still stood there. He turned his head in a listening gesture and said, "Yes?"

"He broke the mandolin, my little boy. But it was already no good when I took it home. Somebody must have stepped on it while cleaning up and sweeping—maybe one of the housemen."

Monsieur Victor looked at the houseman, who shook his head. "Go home and bring back the mandolin," Monsieur Victor said, white with anger. "Don't give me any more explanations. Go home and bring it as it is, in pieces, but bring it and hurry up." Marvel danced out of the room and pounded down the stairs.

Monsieur Victor told his assistant to go and telephone Mrs. Prideaux and tell her that efforts were still being made to find the mandolin and that he hoped he would have news of its discovery by the next day. Then he turned to the rest of us and asked why this mandolin had not been found by Maurice, the assistant banquet manager, when he closed up at 4 A.M. And why did Monsieur Igor, the breakfast captain, not see to it that his waiters stayed where they belonged, in the breakfast room, instead of running all over the hotel, hmm?

"Heads are going to roll," the chief busboy said to me as we came out of the examination. "Wait and see."

MARVEL came back with the broken mandolin as the waiters were setting the main dining room for dinner. He ran to Monsieur Victor's desk, unwrapped the mandolin, and showed it to him. The neck had come loose from the cigar-box body—the strings alone held them together—and the side of the box was broken. Marvel's face looked like wet putty.

Monsieur Victor told him to take the mandolin up to the carpenter shop and have it repaired. Marvel was also to find out how much it would cost to repair it, then he was to report back to Monsieur Victor.

Marvel took the elevator up to the

"Good morning, lady, I'm working my son's way through college."

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roof of the hotel, where the carpenter shop was, and when he came back he reported that the mandolin would be fixed by the next morning and that it wouldn't cost anything. Monsieur Victor picked up the telephone and called the carpenter shop. The head carpenter, a Frenchman, said that he didn't see how he could charge for repairing the mandolin—all it needed was a little glue. He would press it overnight, varnish it in the morning, let it dry, and then it would be better-looking than it had ever been.

"I want you to charge for it," said Monsieur Victor, "just to teach this waiter a lesson. I want you to charge five dollars for repairing this mandolin on the Splendide's time, with the Splendide's materials. I will have him pay it here at the cashier's desk."

He put down the telephone and turned to Marvel. "Have you five dollars, Marvel?"

Marvel went through all his pockets. He could find only a dollar and sixty cents. Monsieur Victor gave him a slip of paper to sign—an order to deduct the sum of five dollars from his pay—and then Monsieur Victor pursed his lips, as if he were about to kiss Marvel. "And now get out of here," he said. "Turn in your apron and your checkbook and your locker key. You are discharged."

"*Du Hund—du—Lump*," Marvel stuttered. "*Du Sauhaufen*!" Then he kicked Monsieur Victor with his bad foot, and with surprising agility he ran—humpty-dump—out of the restaurant. Monsieur Victor ran after him.

Marvel took the stairs three at a time and disappeared into the ballroom. The room was darkened and in it stood some scaffolding that had been used in the pageant of the charity ball the night before. Marvel, having been there that morning, knew where it was, but Monsieur Victor did not; he never stayed for a charity affair. Marvel ducked and ran to the exit that led to a service stairway and down to the waiters' locker room. But Monsieur Victor ran into a two-by-four, fell, dislocated an ankle, lost two teeth, and had to be carried back to his office.

In his office, Monsieur Victor lay on a couch, moaned and cursed, and held a handkerchief to his mouth. Presently he grew calmer and called his assistant to his side, as if this were his deathbed. He instructed him in a gasping and muffled tone to telephone Mrs. Prideaux again and to tell her that, in an effort to recover the lost mandolin, he, Monsieur Victor, had been painfully injured and would be kept at home in bed for several days.

"Shall I send her the mandolin tomorrow when it has been repaired?" asked the assistant solicitously.

Monsieur Victor moaned and cursed some more and said, "Yes, send it to her tomorrow."

Then Monsieur Victor allowed himself to be taken home.

OUTSIDE in the pantry, the waiters stood in groups, laughing and pushing back their upper lips with their fingers to show those who did not know which two of Monsieur Victor's teeth had been knocked out. Others went to visit the scene of the accident. The pantryman showed how Monsieur Victor had limped and groaned. Everybody was very happy about it. Marvel left the hotel as soon as he had collected his few belongings from the locker room, and stood outside the employees' entrance encircled by admirers. He was patted on the back and congratulated, and later he stamped home.

It was the first time that the maître d'hôtel of the Splendide had ever been absent. It seemed impossible that the hotel could run without him, but it did. The assistant maître d'hôtel took Monsieur Victor's place at the door and collected nice tips. The air was freer, the music seemed more lively. When the guests asked where Monsieur Victor was, they were told that he was indisposed. The house doctor was sent to him and everyone waited for bulletins from the bedside. The chef prepared a bottle of double-strength *consommé volaille* to be sent to him to aid his recovery, and I was sent to his house with it on the third day after the accident. I also took several letters and orders that were to be signed and a letter from the captains expressing their sympathies and their hopes for a quick convalescence. The lady cashiers sent a bouquet of flowers in a box.

Monsieur Victor lived in a brownstone house on East Forty-eighth Street. His apartment was on the first floor and consisted of three rooms, with the living room, into which Monsieur Victor's wife led me from the entrance hall, at the rear of the building. She took the bottle of consommé, announced my presence, and disappeared through a sliding door. Monsieur Victor was almost unrecognizable without his tailcoat, high collar, and tie. He was unshaven and he was wearing a flannel bathrobe with Indian designs on it. His lips were swollen and one eye was discolored. He sat in a deeply upholstered chair with his right foot in a tub of hot water and with three pillows behind him. On a table in a corner by a window was an immense vase filled with African daisies. On his head was a helmet of cardboard, and from it a wire led to the chandelier. He began to talk to me at once. This apparatus, he

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explained, was for restoring hair. He was not yet bald, but in two places on his forehead his hair was thinning. He rubbed a black salve into his scalp, he told me, before putting on the hat. Inside the hat was a blue electric lamp—a quartz light—and it was supposed to make hair grow. When he had finished telling me about the hat, he took it off and showed me a film of fine new hair.

Monsieur Victor did not mention the accident. He read the captains' letter and said that it was high time to put some discipline into the restaurant and the ballroom. "Their goose honks too high," he said. He rubbed some fresh grease on his head, put his electric hat back on, and handed me an order, which he had already written out, firing the assistant banquet manager and Monsieur Igor, the maître d'hôtel in the breakfast room. "Read it, read it," he said. "You will learn about this business if you pay attention to what I do.

"Now we come to the captains," he went on. "I'll make them toe the line from now on. Captains, ah! Maîtres d'hôtel, they call themselves. A bunch of shoemakers." He handed me a notice for the captains, headed "Messieurs les Capitaines!" Then he took it out of my hand and read it aloud, making gestures as he did so:

Chaque capitaine sera tenu responsable du service de sa station; c'est à dire, de la mise en place, de la bonne conduite des garçons et des commis sous ses ordres. Chaque capitaine sera également tenu responsable de l'amabilité et de la politesse des garçons, et du bon service rendu à tous les clients (sans exception). La direction tiendra en strict acompte de toutes les plaintes des clients, et agira en conséquence.

When Monsieur Victor had finished reading the memorandum, he gave me a third order he had written, addressed to waiters. I read it while he nodded his permission, and then he took it back and began to read it over himself, silently. His lips moved as he read, and I could see the place where the teeth were missing. Before he had finished, his wife came in, bringing a cup of the consommé, bread, salt, and a napkin. Monsieur Victor handed me the orders again and instructed me to take them all to his assistant. The orders were to be printed in the hotel's print shop in large type, he said. As he was drinking the soup, a child came into the room, a wobbly boy of four or so, with a large head and pale eyes. He looked like Monsieur Victor and had his arrogant mouth. He came close to me and drank me in with his ears, nose, and with his open mouth, and at last turned away, bored. Then he went away.

"My son," said Monsieur Victor, with dignity and with pride. He looked at me searchingly for an instant and then settled back comfortably in his pillows, adjusting his electric hat. "Mrs. Prideaux sent those flowers," he remarked after a moment, pointing to the African daisies in the window. "You may go," he added after a short silence, and I stuffed the papers into my coat pocket and left.

—Ludwig Bemelmans

"Darling, can't you be something else than a panzer division for a while?"

•

Eleven bands were in evidence with the various classes, and the Princeton University band played for the class of 1911, which was celebrating its fortieth reunion.
—*The Herald Tribune.*

They live fast, these Princeton men.

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Larry MacPhail

PROFILES

BOROUGH DEFENDER—I

TO a good many residents of Brooklyn, the most important man in their borough is Larry MacPhail, the president and active head of the Brooklyn Dodgers. MacPhail, of all men, was expressly born for this job. Bellicose, red-faced, and clownish, he is the idol of a community which demands such qualities of its heroes. The people there are comfortable in the knowledge that MacPhail will take care of all disparagers of their baseball team. He never disappoints them. His command of vituperation and eagerness to battle for the Brooklyn team have made him, by extension, a kind of borough defender. When, during a game last season, Joe Medwick, the Dodger left fielder, was struck on the head by a pitched ball, the spectators in the stands at Ebbets Field cheered as they watched MacPhail's arrival on the scene. Waving his arms and roaring in his vibrant moose voice, he galloped down the aisles of the grandstand and across the diamond to the pitcher's box, his hat askew, his coattails streaming behind him, and a look of unbearable anguish on his face. As one umpire later said, "MacPhail came down here and tried to provoke a riot." In tones that carried to Prospect Park, MacPhail declared that he had seen the throw and that it had been deliberate. The fact that he had emerged from the press club, a hangout for reporters which has no view of the field, did not lessen the effect of his tirade on the people of Brooklyn, who felt that he was making a noble effort to protect their rights. Afterward, in a final righteous gesture, he got in touch with District Attorney William O'Dwyer and tried, unsuccessfully, to have the pitcher who had hit Medwick put in jail.

At the time MacPhail took over the Dodgers, early in 1938, Brooklyn was little more than tolerant of the men who ran its team. MacPhail has regenerated the community's faith in baseball. From day to day the borough speculates with pride on what he will think up to do next. Unlike most baseball executives, he has no respect for the traditions of the game. During three years as president of the Columbus club of the American Association and three years as vice-president of the National League's Cincinnati Reds, he established a solid reputation for unpredictability. As president of the Dodgers, he has done nothing to lessen this reputation. Soon after taking up his duties, he began changing things. One day he appeared at Ebbets Field with a bright-yellow baseball. He told the team and some sportswriters he had called in for the occasion that yellow was soothing to the eyes and that the new kind of ball would be easy to hit. "You'll knock it all over Brooklyn," he said to the players, who were chewing tobacco and looking suspicious. With the approval of League officials and the visiting team, the yellow baseball was used in two games, in which the players on both teams felt distinctly uncomfortable, and then was abandoned. MacPhail was not discouraged from further innovation. On the theory that his ushers lacked glamour, he hired a drillmaster to improve their stance and dressed them in flashy green-and-gold uniforms. "The head usher looked like a rear admiral," one reporter wrote. "Many of the fans came through the gates and stood at salute." MacPhail also began to improve the park. He repainted the seats, resodded the field with turf from a Long Island polo field at fifty cents a square foot, put murals on the walls of the refreshment stands, built a luxurious free bar for the press, and announced that eventually he was going to pipe radio music into the rest rooms. Then, possibly influenced by a sportswriter who, employing an ancient gag, reported that people were hunting deer in the upper tiers of the grandstand, he went to work to build a winning baseball team.

WHEN MacPhail first walked into the Dodgers' office, at 215 Montague Street, Brooklyn, he felt that he had taken a position in which there was great opportunity for the right man. The Dodgers were in a low state. The administration was disorganized, the telephone service had been shut off, office employees were out looking for jobs that paid a salary every week, and the waiting room was filled with bill-collectors and process-servers. "I was handed about seventeen summonses a week for quite a stretch," MacPhail now recalls. Investigating his club's athletic condition, he soon perceived that it was hamstrung. Some of the players had grown listless; they threw the ball in the wrong direction, took naps in the outfield, and tried to pass each other while running bases; many of them were not on speaking terms with one another. The year before, the Dodgers had drifted into sixth place in the National League and the Brooklyn fans, the most emotional fans in the country, were sulking in their homes. The club was heavily in debt, owing one creditor—the Brooklyn Trust Company—half a million dollars. The bank, as the most interested creditor, was practically running the team. The League executives were worried that the Dodgers might actually go out of existence. In three years, MacPhail, with noisy but inspired strategy, has thoroughly changed the situation. Buying new players with an abandon that at first caused the directors of the Brooklyn Trust Company to suffer acutely, he developed a team that could play baseball and lavished upon it his singular talent for publicity. The combination has been enormously successful. Today the Dodgers appear to have an inside chance to win the pennant, their indebtedness has been reduced about fifty per cent, they are attracting customers to Ebbets Field in unprecedented numbers, and they are the most discussed club in either league.

The man who has brought about this remarkable transformation is in many ways an impressive contribution to baseball. He stands slightly over six feet in his socks, weighs a hundred and ninety-five pounds, and has the neck of a bouncer. His hair is bright red, and his face, which is about the same shade, is liberally freckled. His eyes are blue and watery, and his mouth, when he is not having a tantrum, is usually relaxed in a cheerless grin. In the words of one of MacPhail's friends, his habitual expression seems to be a silent appeal for Bromo-Seltzer. This aspect is unfortunate, since MacPhail, though he enjoys a drink as much

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as the next person, is not a heavy drinker. "Larry can't help the way he looks," another of his friends has said. "He was born with a built-in leer." MacPhail's clothes do much to light up the Brooklyn scene. He wears loud check suits and ties with stripes two inches broad. He likes color contrasts, often wearing a pair of pale-green trousers with a jacket of yellow plaid. Most of his shirts are custom made and silk. When he is feeling particularly festive he puts on a Windsor tie and lets the ends float over his shoulders as he walks. His winter dress has inspired enthusiastic comment in all parts of the country, and his summer habit has been the subject of financial speculation. While the Dodgers were training in Havana this spring, the Cuban bookmakers, who offer odds on anything connected with a sporting event, busied themselves before MacPhail's daily arrival at the ballpark by taking bets on the color of the vest he'd be wearing.

MacPhail's voice is one of the most important parts of his equipment. Raspy and carrying, it has often been compared, with scientific accuracy, to the call of an adult male moose. On a wall of his office is the stuffed head of a giant elk which was killed by Curt Davis, one of the Dodger pitchers. Listening to MacPhail talk when he is standing under this specimen gives many people an eerie sensation. On mornings after the Dodgers have lost a game, MacPhail sits in his office and brays with such effect that small crowds collect on the sidewalk three stories below. His office employees twitch and turn pale when he is in particularly good voice. He is one of the most accomplished talkers of our period. He never perceptibly tires. Baseball writers assigned to cover the Dodgers listen to him with a mixture of patience and amusement. Their attitude toward him is that of an indulgent parent toward a bright but trying child. Sometimes, when he is under full steam, they nudge one another and exchange knowing looks. MacPhail undoubtedly notices these things, but they do not impede the flow of his rhetoric. Mentions of him in the daily baseball news frequently contain references to his vocal gifts. A *Times* reporter once wrote, "MacPhail delivered himself of a few thousand words, out of which the following brief facts were winnowed." Another writer concluded his report of a MacPhail announcement with "On he rattled." MacPhail is undisturbed by such comments. "It's the silent treatment that's bad," he says.

People who have business dealings with MacPhail are not long deceived by his antic manner. Fred Haney, former manager of the St. Louis Browns, has remarked, "If you ever get an even break trading with MacPhail, you are better than lucky." MacPhail's competitors consider him one of the canniest operators in baseball, but he is unable to operate without the gaudy flourish. During spring practice this year, he became convinced that the Dodgers needed red meat to make them strong. Instead of getting the meat in Florida, where the team, having returned from Havana, was completing its training, he ordered four hundred sirloin steaks in New York and had them flown down in a plane. This was a demonstration of MacPhail's special talent for combining practicality with publicity; the players needed meat and, short of having them rove the scrub with blowguns, he arranged for them to get it in the most spectacular way he could think of. Next in importance to the conviction that a ball team thrives on publicity, his main belief in building up the Brooklyn club has been that in order to make a dollar you have to spend as much as fifty cents. The Brooklyn Trust Company, which agreed before he took the job to put up the cash for reasonable operating expenses, has always found him very openhanded. The bank directors, after the first few cold plunges, have not resented this, since under MacPhail's management the club has been making money for the first time in six years. MacPhail is, on the whole, tolerant of the bank's concern over the Dodgers. "This ball club will make or break the Brooklyn Trust Company," he once said.

THE Dodgers are owned by the estates of the Ebbets and McKeever families of Brooklyn. Each group of heirs holds fifty per cent of the stock. When the club, which had been built

"Take good care of her, Mr. Denny. She's all we've got."

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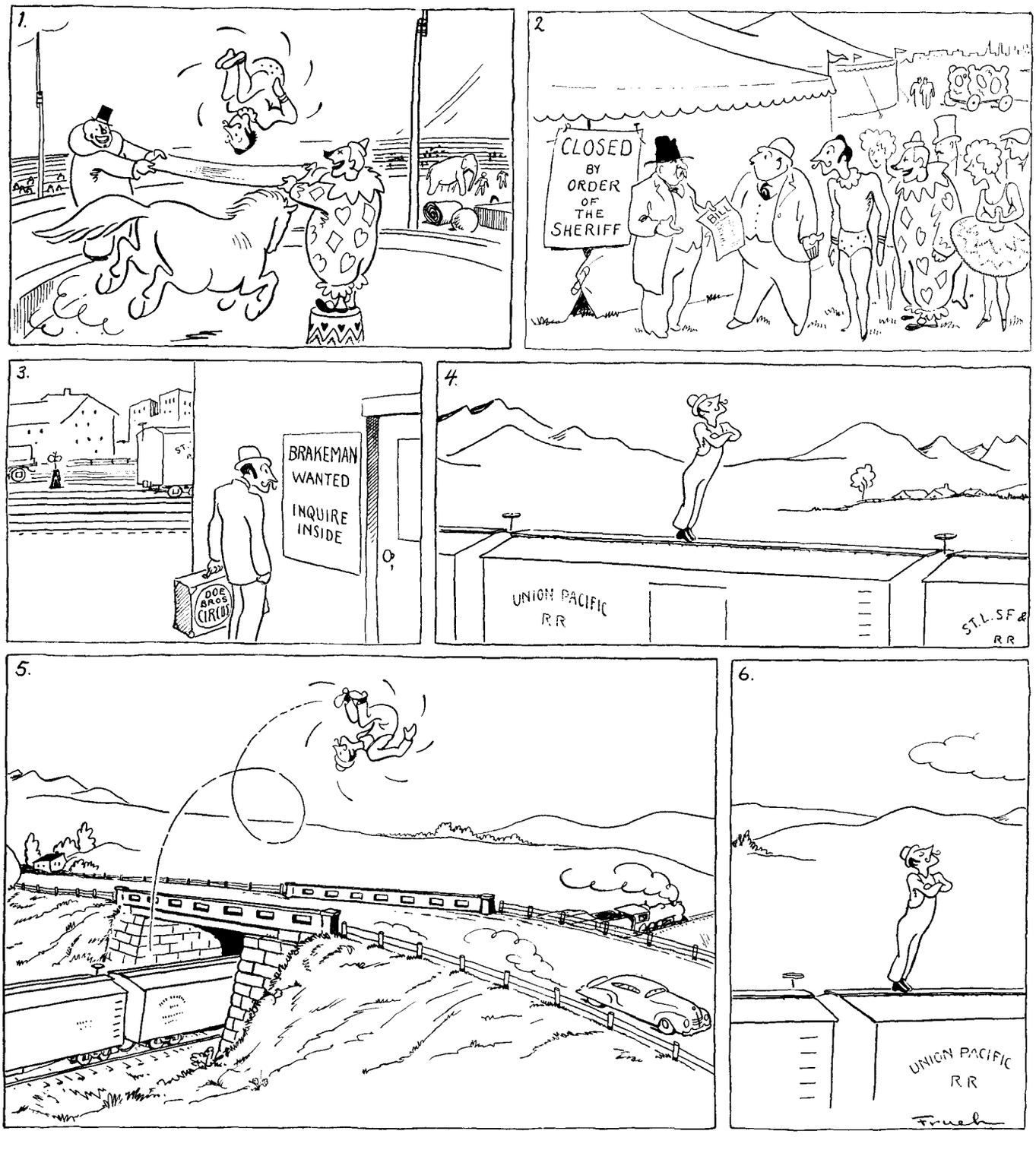

from the remnants of the old Baltimore Orioles, joined the National League in 1890, it was owned by Charles H. Ebbets, a Flatbush architect who felt that his stewardship of the team was a public trust. A genial, easygoing, bespectacled man, he roamed the streets of Brooklyn with a kind of myopic benevolence, discussing his baseball worries with anybody who had time to listen. He would step into bars and ask advice on who should pitch the next day. The club was not thunderingly successful, but the borough felt a certain pride in it, almost as if it was a community enterprise. In lean years, Ebbets' wife helped reduce the overhead by washing the players' uniforms and Ebbets sold tickets at the park. In 1900, the team became known as the Bridegrooms, since most of the players had got married during the previous season. It was later called the Superbas, and then the Trolley Dodgers, an allusion to the murderous fashion in which streetcars careened about Brooklyn in those days.

In 1913, Ebbets decided that he was not getting good enough advice in the bars and he hired, as manager, Wilbert Robinson, who had been a catcher on the Baltimore Orioles and then gone into saloonkeeping. In the same year, Ebbets sold a half-interest in the team to Stephen McKeever, a Brooklyn contractor, for $100,000 and built Ebbets Field. Robinson, who became known in

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Brooklyn as Uncle Robbie, at once evidenced a marked admiration for colorful ballplayers. He got together a curious collection of them, laying the foundation for the persisting tradition that the Dodgers are eccentric. After each home game one of Uncle Robbie's men, a first baseman named Tim Jordan, would station himself on a corner near the St. George Hotel, toss up hundreds of salted peanuts, and catch them in his mouth. Sometimes he attracted a larger crowd than had been at the game. Ivy Olson, shortstop, was extremely sensitive to criticism; before every game he stuffed cotton in his ears so he wouldn't hear the fans booing. One of Uncle Robbie's outfielders, Jimmy Johnston, managed to break a leg while standing still. Observing a ball travelling his way, he leaned forward to start after it and made the painful discovery that he had one foot in a hole.

In 1916 and 1920, Robinson won pennants. He remained with the club until he resigned in 1931. Two other managers served brief spells, and then, in 1936, Burleigh Grimes, one of the last major-league spitball pitchers, was hired for the job, chiefly because umpires had thrown him out of twenty-one games the year before, when he was manager of the Louisville club. The owners of the Dodgers figured that he was a man of spirit who would fit nicely into the Brooklyn scene. Grimes' regime was chaotic. The main trouble was that by this time the Ebbets and McKeever heirs had nursed a small disagreement over the way the club was being run into a feud comparable to that of the Hatfields and the McCoys. Sometimes they would assemble for a stockholders' meeting and spend the whole afternoon silently glaring at one another. Since each faction owned fifty per cent of the stock, it was impossible to get anything much settled. The heirs did unbend sufficiently, however, to appoint a kind of steering committee whose ostensible function was to run the Dodgers, but the members spent most of their time squabbling too. Grimes was unable to get a clear-cut decision out of anybody. This depressed him, and he communicated his mood to his players. From the bat boy up to the owners, there was a feeling of mutual distrust. From 1935 through 1937, the club lost half a million dollars. Its indebtedness at the end of the 1937 season was $1,200,000, which included the half-million owed to the Brooklyn Trust Company, a mortgage of a half-million on the stadium, and $200,000 owed for equipment and for ballplayers bought from other teams. The bank, which had been advancing money for operating expenses, finally refused to put up any more unless the management was improved, and the Dodgers were about ready to go out of business.

At this dramatic moment the bank, with the approval of the Ebbets and McKeever heirs, sent out a call for MacPhail. The bank had been advised by Ford Frick, president of the National League, and Sam Breadon, owner of the St. Louis Cardinals, that MacPhail was the man to run the club. They cited his accomplishments with the Columbus and Cincinnati clubs, both of which he had guided from what amounted to bankruptcy into financial stability, and added that, by temperament and appearance, he was peculiarly suited to Brooklyn. MacPhail was not in baseball at the time; he had quit his job with the Cincinnati club in 1936, subsequently going into business with his father and brother, who owned an investment company in Michigan. When the bank offered him the Dodger job, he turned it down. He did this three times. "The situation smelled to heaven," he says in explanation. The bank finally told him he could come in on his own terms, which he laid down as follows: he was to be vice-president and general manager, with absolute authority, and the bank was to furnish him with a reasonable amount of capital with which to start a program of rehabilitation. He says he has never had a definite agreement about salary, and that he has taken whatever the stockholders voted him at the end of each season. They voted him $40,000 in 1938, and $55,000 in 1939 and 1940. "I knew damn well they'd give me more than I was getting in the investment business," says MacPhail, "and if they hadn't I'd have quit." He was named president after his first year.

MacPhail's initial move in his new job was to extract a working fund of $200,000 from the bank. With this he started improving the park. Then he announced to the assembled Ebbets and McKeever heirs that he was going to ask the bank for $50,000 more, with which to buy an outstanding first base-

HISTORY

Once it was packed like a box with the toys of childhood,
Even the largest dolls grown small and familiar,
And the cuckoo clock saying,
"Tomorrow, tomorrow."
Once it was sad and comic like Mr. Punch,
And events jumped up, like Judy, to be whacked
Over the head, and the greatest kings, like actors,
Were happily at once alive and dead.
Once it was apart
As a crumbled castle on a darkening slope
Half seen from the express.
But whether it was tall as towers or
Tumbled with playthings like the nursery floor,
It was remote and faithful.

History,
Coming too close,
Is monstrous, like a doll
That is alive and bigger than the child
Who tries to hold it.
It is a clock that cries the thirteenth hour.
It is a theatre
On fire.
History now
Is not the empty castle but the train
Emerging from the tunnel, ruining
Down the embankment toward the modest station,
Where it will lie like a box of toys, broken,
Unpacked in vain.

—Babette Deutsch

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man named Dolf Camilli from the Phillies. The heirs misunderstood him. "You mean fifty thousand dollars for a whole new team, don't you?" one of them asked him. "I'll get the money," MacPhail said, ignoring the question, and left to go to the bank.

He walked straight into the office of former Police Commissioner George McLaughlin, president of the Brooklyn Trust Company, and said, "I need fifty thousand dollars more."

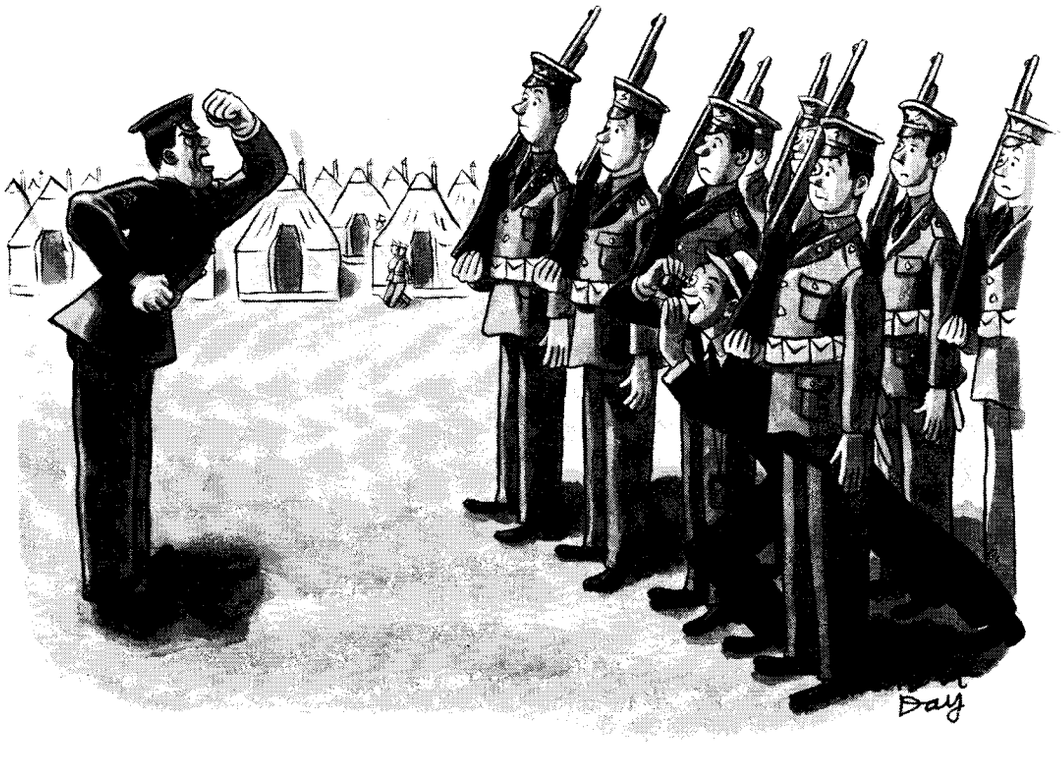
"What for?" asked Mr. McLaughlin, who had acquired a jaundiced outlook on ball teams.

"I need a first baseman," said MacPhail. Then he started to talk, opening wide the floodgates of his wonderful syntax. McLaughlin wilted like a flower in a furnace blast. In slightly more than four minutes, MacPhail left the bank with the $50,000. The heirs were staggered. Before MacPhail's arrival the trust company had been in the habit of calling a directors' meeting to consider the purchase of such things as catchers' mitts and rubbing alcohol. One of the persons most amazed by the bank's sudden generosity was Burleigh Grimes, whom MacPhail had kept on as manager. MacPhail bought Camilli, and the Brooklyn fans showed signs of cheering up. "The people began to realize I meant business," MacPhail now says. He next announced that he was going to experiment with night baseball, which caused the two other New York clubs—the Giants and the Yankees—to register a protest. MacPhail had already introduced night baseball to the National League while he was in Cincinnati. To try out this revolutionary idea in Brooklyn, he went to the General Electric Company and bought $72,000 worth of lighting equipment. Having no money, he told the company to charge it. "I started putting everything on the cuff," he says. The first night game in the New York area, on June 15, 1938, between the Dodgers and the Cincinnati Reds, turned out to be a bizarre event. MacPhail offered a number of extra attractions. He led off with a monster fireworks display and followed it with a sprinting contest between Jesse Owens, the Negro runner, and several ballplayers. Then Johnny Vander Meer, of the Cincinnati Reds, who five days earlier had pitched a no-hit, no-run game, pitched a second consecutive no-hit, no-run game. MacPhail acted as if this was no more than he had expected. The rest of the 1938 season was a financial success but an athletic failure. By various types of buffoonery, MacPhail whooped up the attendance to an increase of more than a quarter of a million over the previous year. The team, a little slow in catching the new spirit, stirred sluggishly a few times, then collapsed into seventh place.

This resulted in the replacement of Burleigh Grimes by Leo Durocher, the Dodgers' shortstop. Durocher was the natural candidate for this job. He is considered one of the most belligerent men in baseball. As manager, he seldom plays any more. Sitting in the dugout with his reserves during a game, he is always poised for a fight. At the slightest hint of a faulty decision by an umpire, he streaks onto the field. Most news pictures of him show him screaming at umpires. He has had fist fights with no less than a dozen men on opposing teams. He first gained prominence, as a boy member of the Yankees, by stepping on Ty Cobb's feet. After several games in which the two met, Cobb would grab Durocher coming off the field and try to beat him up. Babe Ruth, a large, powerful man, often intervened to save the youth from being mauled. Brooklyn has an immense admiration for Durocher's combativeness. The sight of his jaw thrust into an umpire's face is a source of civic pride. Observing him on the field and knowing that MacPhail is somewhere within bellowing distance, the fans are doubly assured that they are not going to be robbed.

Durocher's vocal stamina is second only to MacPhail's. Alone, either of them can shout down almost any two umpires; together, they are invincible. Early in his youth, Durocher was given the nickname Lippy Leo, and he is now called simply The Lip. There is a curious difference between Durocher's oral gifts and those of MacPhail. The Dodger manager's ordinary, or working, vocabulary surpasses the president's in richness, but his profanity, by comparison, lacks imagery. MacPhail makes a great effort to talk the idiom of sportswriters. He often calls a bat a "war club" and a home run a "circuit clout," but the effect is unauthentic. His language was early adulterated by activities unconnected with sports. Once he shifts into the profane, however, he is on solid ground. Some of his office staff feel that he reached the apex of his cursing career recently when an officer of the America First Committee called him to ask about getting Ebbets Field for a rally. MacPhail, who is honorary chairman of the Brooklyn branch of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, ran the gamut of known profanity.

Durocher's gabby truculence has probably been one of the causes of the team's renascence. The Dodgers have taken on the spirit of a college football



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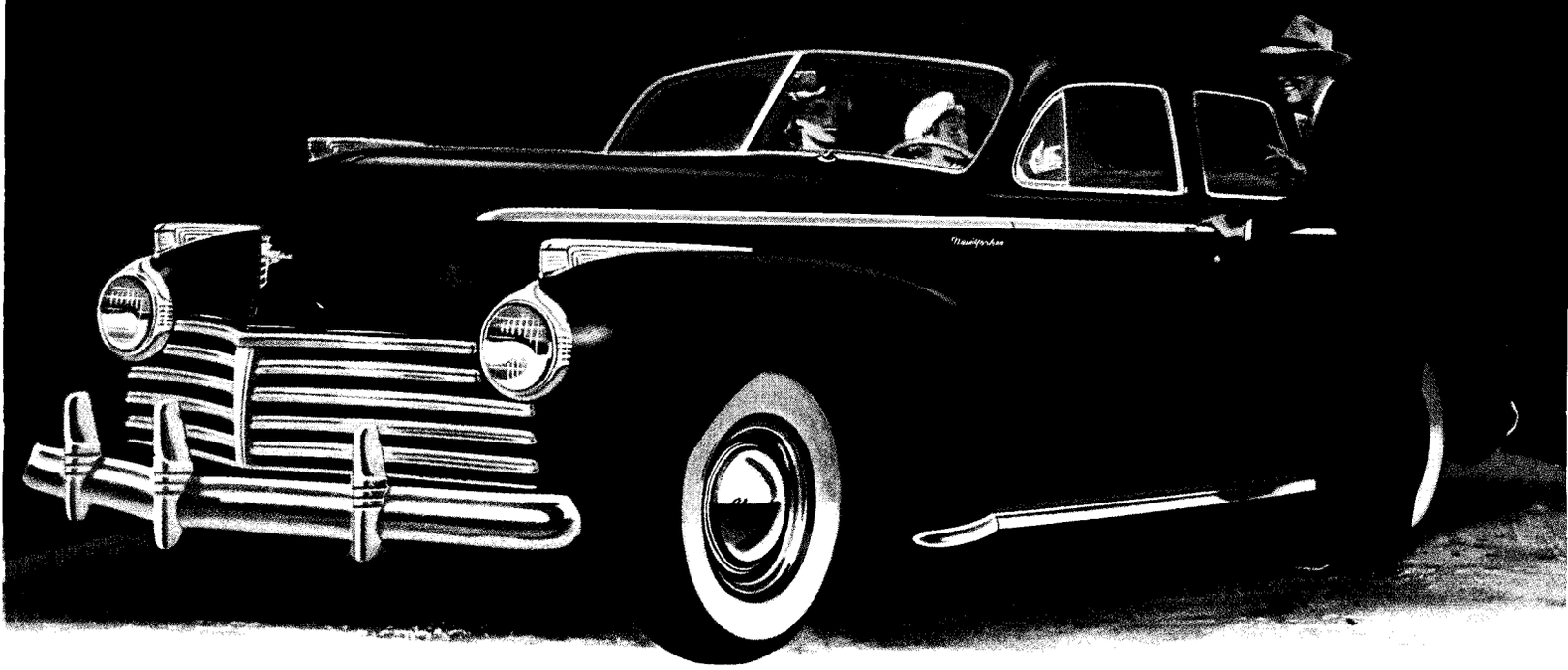

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team. Durocher gives frequent locker-room pep talks in the best tradition of the cinema coach, and sometimes he punishes a player who has pulled a boner by making him sit alone in the clubhouse for several hours after the others have dressed and gone home. Both MacPhail and Durocher suffer acutely when the team develops a losing streak. Durocher gets insomnia and can't eat; MacPhail becomes morose and hides himself away in double-feature movie houses.

AT the beginning of the 1939 season, MacPhail announced that all the Dodger games would be broadcast. Again the Giant and Yankee executives protested. MacPhail ignored them and imported an announcer, Red Barber, from Cincinnati. Barber had been brought to Cincinnati from Florida by MacPhail, who had been impressed by reports of his soothing delivery of a radio address on bovine obstetrics. Actually, Barber was not familiar with the subject of bovine obstetrics; he was a student at the University of Florida working as a janitor and had merely read a manuscript written by a professor who had been called away to Georgia to look at some soil erosion. MacPhail sold the Dodger radio rights to two sponsors for $1,000 a game and the broadcasting proceeded over Station WOR. Barber, because of his strong Southern accent, was not immediately popular in Brooklyn. The notion developed in some parts of the borough that he was speaking in a foreign tongue. Today he is much beloved by the local baseball population. He gets an enormous amount of critical mail from Brooklyn people who mistakenly believe that he has something to do with running the team. Once Barber mentioned casually that Cookie Lavagetto, the Dodger third baseman, who likes to walk over to the pitcher during tense moments and calm him with a joke or two, was running out of comic material. The response to the broadcast was unexpected and, to Barber, gratifying; amateur humorists from Greenpoint to Canarsie rushed in material, much of which would have had a very demoralizing effect on the average pitcher.

MacPhail thinks that though the radio broadcasts may occasionally cut into Dodger attendance, they stir up interest in baseball and the cumulative effect is salutary. It is not likely that MacPhail would discontinue the broadcasts even if he thought they were unprofitable, because he genuinely enjoys them. One day last season a tied score prolonged a Dodger game past the usual nine innings, and the time was getting on toward six o'clock. WOR telephoned to Ebbets Field that the broadcast would have to be cut off at six on account of a speech by Herbert Hoover. As Red Barber and his technicians were preparing to shut down, MacPhail came roaring into the radio room. His face was flushed and there was a wild look in his eyes. Inexplicably, he started pulling plugs out of their sockets and yelling something that sounded like "The hell with Herbert Hoover!" After he had been quieted and the plugs had been returned to their sockets, WOR was told that MacPhail refused to give way to Hoover, and Barber completed the broadcast.

WHEN MacPhail is in a restless mood, and has the ready cash, he indulges in his favorite baseball activity, buying players. Soon after the money started flowing into the Ebbets Field tills, he went on a shopping spree. He hired fifteen talent scouts and sent them in search of material. They looked over nearly all the minor-league and promising sand-lot ballplayers in the country. One of the scouts discovered Pete Reiser, the Dodgers' centre fielder, playing with a Class D team in Superior, Wisconsin. Reiser's contract cost MacPhail a hundred dollars, which experts consider a good investment, since Reiser, now twenty-one years old, is viewed as the best rookie in baseball. Durocher, however, is worried because the boy is taciturn. "I sure wish he would holler more," he says. That Reiser was a bargain is apparent when you compare his cost with the $135,000 MacPhail paid the St. Louis Cardinals for another star outfielder, Joe Medwick. MacPhail's purchases up to the beginning of this season included three catchers, twelve pitchers, six infielders, and eight outfielders. The cash outlay has totalled about a million dollars, which has come out of the gate receipts; in addition, MacPhail traded in eighteen Dodger players whom he no longer wanted. These transactions have turned out well. The Dodgers climbed from seventh place in 1938 to third in 1939, and finished in second place last year. Most of the new players came from other major-league clubs; some of them, however, were bought in the minor leagues and developed by the Dodger "farm" system. The Brooklyn club, since MacPhail took over, has bought six minor-league teams. It has "working agreements" with six other small clubs, meaning that Brooklyn contributes to the upkeep of these teams and in return owns the rights to their promising players. The most valuable of MacPhail's minor-league purchases is the Montreal team, which he bought last year. Some of his associates suspect that MacPhail, who is fond of fishing, was attracted to this property because it is conveniently situated near good fishing country. Whenever possible, MacPhail takes a plane to Montreal to see how the team is making out. His tour of inspection usually involves picking up the president of the club and an Indian guide and ducking into the woods for a week. All during the Dodgers' May slump, in which they lost six straight games, MacPhail was wandering about Canada in search of trout; when he emerged from the woods and was informed that Brooklyn had taken a nose dive, he attended several double-feature movies in a row. He also telegraphed instructions that Durocher was to go back into the game as shortstop instead of sitting in the dugout as the non-playing manager. "Leo gives the fellows verve," MacPhail said.

MacPhail has periodic skirmishes with Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the Commissioner of Baseball, whose authority in the sport is absolute. On one occasion, Landis voided the purchase of a pitcher named Rueben Melton from the Phillies. The Commissioner indicated that the other clubs had not been given a proper chance to bid on Melton and that the deal looked like collusion. Another time, Landis fined MacPhail $500 after a somewhat similar deal with a team in the Eastern Shore League. On each of these occasions, MacPhail complained loudly to the press that he was being persecuted. The methods MacPhail uses to get players are often roundabout. Having an uncanny knowledge of the needs of all the teams in major-league baseball, he sometimes makes five or six trades to get a man he wants. His first move toward acquiring an infielder from Cincinnati, for example, may be to buy a pitcher from St. Louis. The pitcher is for Boston, which has an outfielder needed by Pittsburgh. After a series of these preliminary deals, MacPhail finally obtains, at small expense, a man for whom Cincinnati is willing to give up the infielder he is really after. MacPhail moves baseball players about with the same satisfaction some people get with chessmen and he checkmates his colleagues so consistently that a few of them have expressed a desire to hit him over the head with a bat.

One of the persons most favorably impressed by MacPhail's coups is MacPhail himself. When more than two

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persons are present, it is difficult to prevent him from telling, for instance, about the time in 1939 that he bought rain insurance. Brooklyn was scheduled to play Philadelphia in a doubleheader at Ebbets Field. By winning both games or winning one and not playing the other, the Dodgers could clinch third place in the National League; a lost game could have resulted in a tie. The morning was slightly murky and MacPhail, running counter to the Weather Bureau, anticipated rain. He bought $25,000 worth of rain insurance for $4,832 and sat back to await developments. The policy stipulated that payment would be made if one-twentieth of an inch of rain fell during the games or the three hours preceding the start of the first game. At one o'clock, seventeen thousand people were gathered in the park. Shortly thereafter it started to pour. A more conservative man would have collected his insurance and called the games because of rain—a privilege of the home club. MacPhail instructed the umpires to hold on for a while. "I figured I might clean up," he says. At two o'clock, the skies cleared and the first game got under way on schedule, Brooklyn won by a score of 3–2. A few minutes after the last ball was pitched, there was a light sprinkle. This, in addition to the fact that he was not unduly eager to risk losing the second game, seemed reason enough to call it an afternoon. "I went down to the field and put it up to the players, man to man," he says. "I asked them if they wanted to play, and happily they said no." Thus MacPhail collected on everything—insurance, gate receipts, and undisputed third place. "Columbus took a chance," he points out, with a hoarse chuckle. Such triumphs as this would turn the heads of many men, and they have left their mark on MacPhail. At a party recently he was told of a brilliant racing maneuver pulled off by Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt at the Belmont track. MacPhail appeared to be deeply interested in the story. "Why," he called out at its conclusion, "that lad's the MacPhail of horse racing!"

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(This is the first of two articles on Mr. MacPhail. The second will appear next week.)

•

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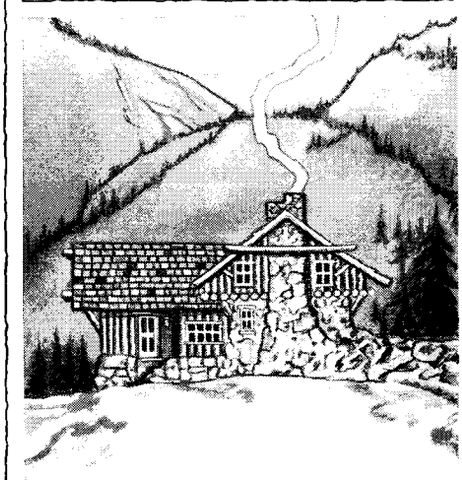

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OF ALL THINGS

ALL any of us know about the Russian front at this writing is that the Nazi advance has been slowed up some. Apparently the Red Army is not a pushover but only a push-back.

•

Probably the Germans will find the going tougher as they move eastward. Russia is a vast country where all the railways are like the Long Island and all the roads are detours.

•

The American Youth Congress has now thrown its support to the struggle against Hitlerism. The boys and girls simply cannot forgive Adolf for what he did to Joe.

•

Herbert Hoover has wisely rejected the suggestion that he run for President in 1944 on a G.O.P. isolationist ticket. By that time, there may not be any G.O.P., isolationists, or tickets.

•

Thoughtful Texans are hoping that Mr. O'Daniel will not take his hillbilly comedy act with him to Washington. In this grave crisis, it is a Senator's duty to pass ten-billion-dollar bills, not biscuits.

•

The ousted Axis consuls are to be sent back to their earthly paradises on the transport West Point. It seems a bit harsh to make Germans and Italians ride in the same boat.

•

New Yorkers are thoughtfully considering the possibility of a World Series between the Dodgers and the Yankees. One advantage of the scheme is that it might push the other war off the front page.

•

A food expert assures us that the diet in the training camps is excellent. In fact, most of the boys are getting better meals than Mother used to make.

•

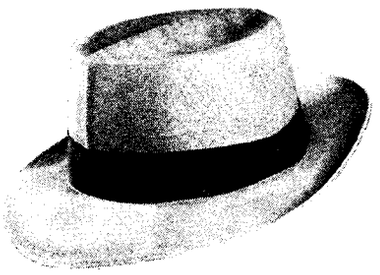
The study of French, like that of German, has lost popularity in New York schools. Some pupils, in desperation, are dabbling a little in English.

•

Americans, though heart and soul in this struggle, are not ready to give up their peacetime activities. We have been having our milk crisis as usual.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

COTTONS AND LINENS FOR MID-SUMMER!



COOL SUMMER HATS in a wide choice of straws and fibres from the Far East and the West Indies are $3.50 to $9. The hat illustrated in a loose porous weave of Cypress Fibre, light or dark tan, with Brown Puggaree is $5. Panamas range in price from $5 to $100.

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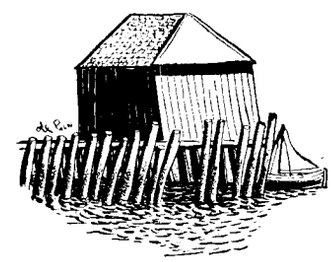
NOW LET'S SEE—WHERE DO WE BEGIN?

A WHILE ago I read, in a detached but interested way, that draftees, instead of being inducted into the Army on the very day of their final physical examinations, were to be given an extra month in which to clean up the dangling odds and ends of their civilian lives. I thought then that this was an admirable scheme, and continued thinking so until a couple of weeks ago, when a group of Army doctors patted me on the back, which they had pronounced acceptable for military service, and advised me that I had a month to put my affairs in shape.

Sitting at my desk an hour or so later trying to decide where to begin, I received a telephone call from a lady inviting me to dinner. I declined, though ordinarily I should have been glad to go. "I'm afraid I'll be awfully rushed," I told her. "I'm cleaning up my affairs, and have only a month, you know." "Oh," she said. "Well, it'll probably build you up. Send me a postcard from camp." I said I would, and I will, too. A moment later, remembering with alarm that I had an appointment for lunch that day, I phoned and postponed it for fifty-seven weeks. The decks were cleared for action, or rather the desk was. I opened one of its drawers and instantly closed it again, because it was the drawer with the rubber gloves in it. I have had a pair of red rubber gloves in my desk for almost two years now, and I have absolutely no notion of who put them there or for what devilish purpose they were cached on my premises. At any rate, there they were, and I felt that I had no right to leave them behind and thus vex whoever succeeded to my desk. I opened the drawer again, removed the gloves, and tossed them lightly into a wastebasket. Several hours later I got to speculating about what the cleaning woman who came upon them might say to her colleagues, who had hauled in nothing more spectacular than a few empty coffee cartons and lettuce leaves. "Must be a queer one down my corridor," my cleaning woman would say. "He's taken to wearing rubber gloves while he's working, and he throws them away at the end of the day." Not wanting to be the subject of that kind of talk, I retrieved the gloves from the wastebasket and stuffed them into a pants pocket, planning to dispose of them later in some out-of-the-way public receptacle. That plan went awry a few minutes later, when, sitting with a young lady at a violently air-conditioned bar, I was suddenly compelled to sneeze and, while fishing for a handkerchief, came up with a red rubber glove. The girl looked startled and some explanation on my part seemed in order. "I pulled it out by mistake," I said hastily. "It's just something I was going to throw away." "Oh, I see," said the girl sharply. "Got any worn-out scalpels tucked in your sleeves?" After that, our tête-à-tête was somehow never quite worthy of its name.

DESPITE such petty annoyances, the cleaning-up process has been gathering momentum. Whereas a week ago I had promised my convertible coupé with white sidewall tires and a fairly automatic top to only two people, there are now seven who confidently expect to inherit it from me within a fortnight and have made their vacation plans accordingly. I have also received a modest offer for a practically brand-new ping-pong table which has been folded up in a corner of my apartment for more than a year. I bought it one morning when I couldn't remember the exact dimensions of my living room.

Making plans for the car and the ping-pong table didn't take very long, however, and after a spell of loneliness occasioned by a general cancellation of engagements on the ground of having too much else to do, I decided to resume my social life. Coming across the telephone number of a girl I had been meaning to call for some time, I phoned her, asking if she would like to go out. She seemed agreeable enough until I happened to mention that it would be especially nice to see her again after the brief hiatus in our relations. I added that I was going away for a year, which was, after all, a pretty long time. Her attitude changed at once and she said, coldly, "I don't know why you think a year is so long. It's been seven months since you took me out and borrowed that book from me." I muttered something about seeing to it that the book was returned promptly and hung up.



Somewhat depressed, I turned to the entertainment section of a newspaper and noticed that there were quite a few shows on Broadway I had intended to

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see but had somehow failed to. I skipped off toward Times Square and was practically on a box-office line when it occurred to me that last spring, when I wasn't going anywhere at all, I had done nothing about catching up with the plays I had neglected during the previous winter. I abandoned that project immediately, not wanting to make a fool of myself to myself, and strolled forlornly into a movie theatre, without even stopping to find out that it was showing a double feature I had once reluctantly sat through only because it was raining outside and I had a hole in my shoe.

YOU'D think offhand that anyone going into the Army would be as busy doing preparatory little things as an expectant mother is taking calcium pills and thinking beautiful thoughts. Well, expectant soldiers rarely think beautiful thoughts, except about the past, and do not take pills, being in supposedly excellent physical condition. The only vaguely medicinal treatment prescribed for them is the wearing of woollen socks, of which their female acquaintances, who seem to think such objects are military necessities, promise to manufacture entirely too many pairs. It was to escape a lady who proposed to give me not only socks but flannel underwear too that I finally fled to the apartment I share with a couple of other bachelors, where I am now awaiting my departure in a calm and composed manner. The only flaw in remaining here is that my maid, with whom I always used to have amiable relations, is in a huff and refuses to speak to me despite the fact that I have tried to bribe her back to friendship with a pair of rubber gloves. She seems to be offended because early this week, in a desperate effort to leave behind me at least one constructive accomplishment, I suggested casually to her that after I went away she pack up my civilian clothes in plenty of moth balls. It developed that she had been doing that sort of thing every summer without any help or advice from me, and she didn't see why some people just couldn't be satisfied with things the way they were, and if I couldn't trust her to run the house her way, why, maybe it would be better for both of us if . . . Boy, I hope nobody grants this Army's man a thirty-day reprieve. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

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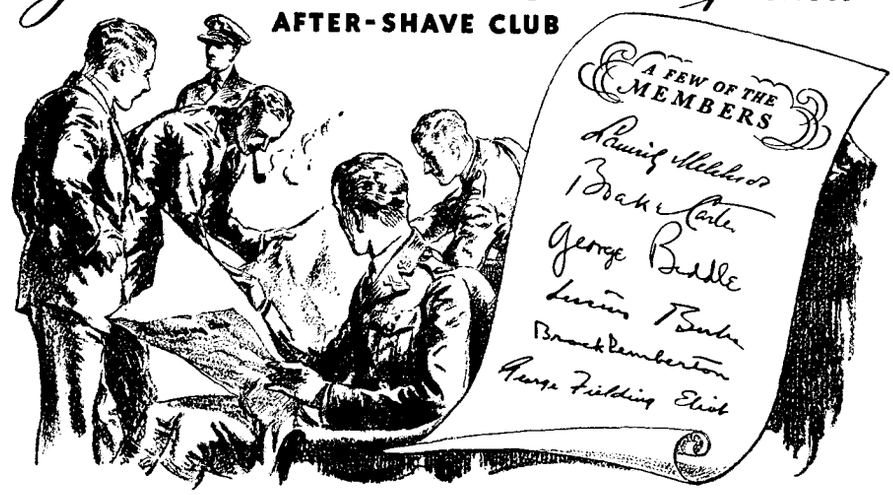

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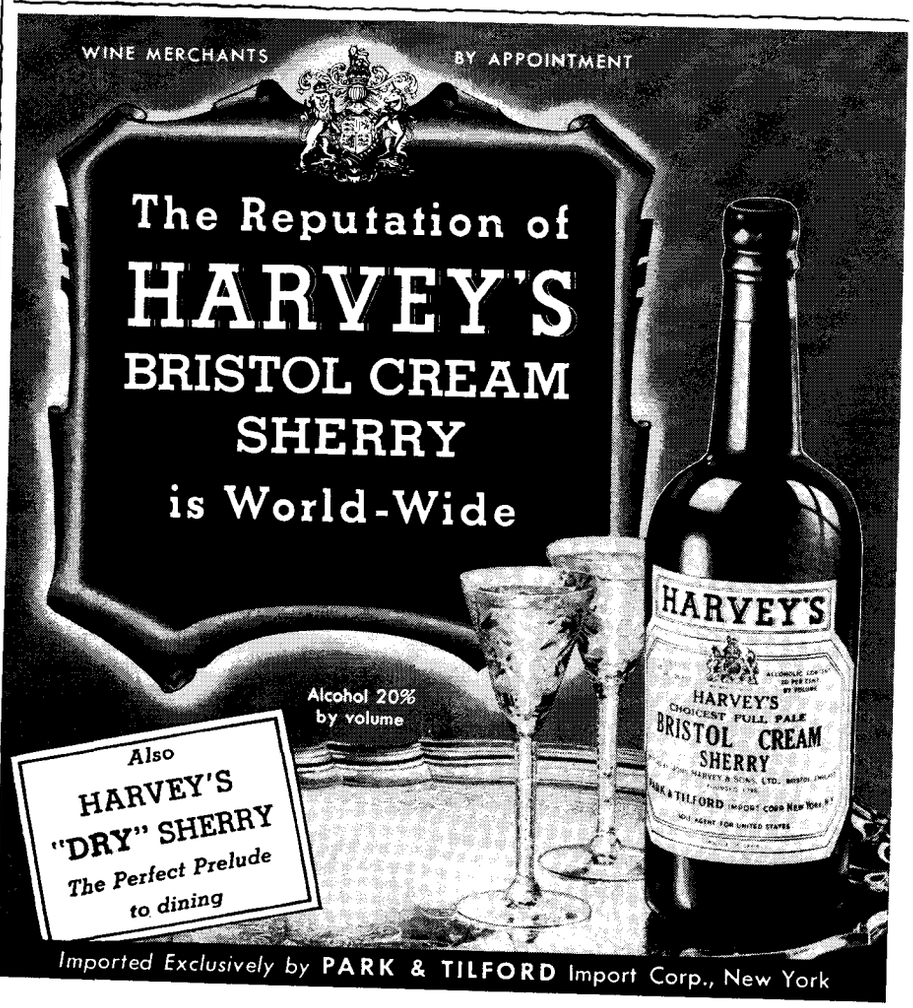

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

VIDA'S ARK

SOME two thousand birds, beasts, and reptiles move into the Bronx Zoo each year and a shipment arrives at least once every fortnight. Zoo officials make it a rule to greet new arrivals at the train or boat, escort them to the Zoo, and there provide comfortable quarters with compatible neighbors, as well as a tasty snack and a chance to freshen up before going on exhibition. One warm Sunday not long ago I went along to meet fifty-four immigrants (a pair of oyster-catchers, an aardwolf, eleven penguins, two civet cats, a monitor lizard, a springbok, a steinbok, two Livingston touracos, twenty-two spike-tail lizards, two emerald-spotted doves, and nine snakes) who arrived at Pier 5, Bush Terminal, in Brooklyn, after a twenty-eight-day journey from Cape Town, South Africa, on the S.S. City of New York. This time the job of welcoming the newcomers fell to Dr. Claude W. Leister, Curator of Mammals, who picked me up at 8 A.M. and drove me to Brooklyn in a gray car which had a metal duck clipped above one licence plate and a yellow sticker bearing two zebras pasted on the windshield.

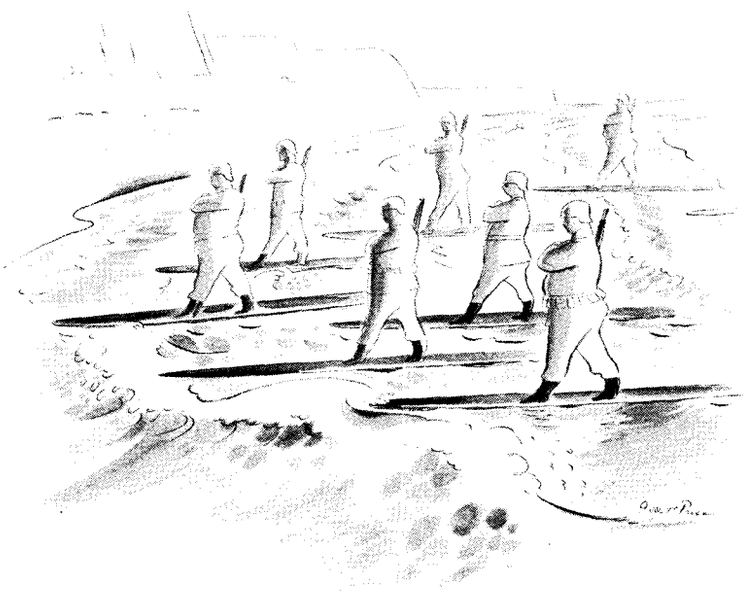
On the way the Doctor told me that the animals had crossed the Atlantic in the custody of the ship's radio operator, Al Vida, who acts as the Zoo's purchasing agent in South Africa. Animals are a regular sideline with Vida. He used to bring over tropical fish in tin cans for the Aquarium but switched his attentions to the Bronx Zoo six years ago, after he had a falling out with Aquarium officials. A radio operator has plenty of spare time while his ship is in foreign ports and Vida uses it to keep up his innumerable contacts in the African animal world. He buys at bargain rates from overstocked zoos in such cities as Cape Town and Johannesburg, or from natives who have an extra cheetah or cobra in their back yards, and places advertisements several weeks ahead in newspapers in African ports to be touched at by his ship. We stopped for a red light and Dr. Leister pulled a sample advertisement from his pocket. It read:

WANTED by April: Grevy or Grant zebras, bongos, Lichtenstein hartebeests, or what have you? Vida, 73 Cowley Road, Durban, South Africa.

Vida has a standing order from the Zoo to purchase certain varieties of animals when he runs across them. His financial arrangement with the Zoo is flexible; he has a permanent letter of credit, and he receives a percentage, which varies somewhat arbitrarily, of the cost of the animals and a bonus should he bring in something startling, like a bongo. He also is reimbursed for whatever food the animals eat during a crossing. Dr. Leister told me that the batch we were welcoming came from the Cape Town Zoo, with the exception of the penguins, which Vida purchased from some local officials on the Penguin Islands, near Cape Town. Dr. Leister said he was bound to be disappointed when we reached the pier, as he had also looked forward to greeting five zebras, two gnus, and an elephant. "Vida ordered them from the Johannesburg Zoo," he told me, "but at the last minute the captain said he didn't have room on board and the order was cancelled. Damned shame. I could have used an elephant."

The Zoo's inhabitants, Dr. Leister said, are either purchased from dealers, acquired by swapping with other zoos, donated by friends, or born on the premises. Technically, Vida is not a dealer but a cut-rate agent. Most of the prominent dealers have or had their headquarters in Europe, which is no longer a source of supply for American zoos because of the war. New York no longer gets the pick of Asiatic animals, either. Eighty per cent of those captured used to be sent here, but the majority are now shipped across the Pacific to the West Coast. Dr. Leister said that little is known of the fate of European zoos. "We hear nothing," he said. Even South African animals are becoming scarce in the market, as so many of the natives who caught them for dealers have been mustered into military service. Vida's latest consignment, Dr. Leister said, was costing the Zoo approximately $350, and the freight charges would amount to $170. Steamship fare for livestock depends on the cubic measurement of their crates; a four-legged animal like an antelope crosses the Atlantic for $60; doves, housed in a smaller box, can come over for as little as $3.50 a head. To bring over the elephant Dr. Leister had set his heart on would have cost about $750.

The animals we were interested in would come in duty-free, Dr. Leister said, because they were headed for a public institution and not for a dealer. Nevertheless, the government would have an appraiser at the dock to evaluate the consignment for the records and to make certain that only the animals called for in the ship's manifest came in. Both the springbok and steinbok would have to go into quarantine at the Zoo for two weeks, because they are hoofed and might have carried hoof-and-mouth disease. "I'll have to isolate the civet cats for ten days, since they can carry cat cholera," Dr. Leister said. "That aardwolf will have a couple of weeks to himself, too. He's susceptible to distemper." Dr. Leister said that the aardwolf would also, like the other animals, pass through a period of diet adjustment. "We'll try him first on meal worms and small pigeons," he told me, "and then work into small, half-grown chickens." Birds and reptiles go on exhibition almost immediately after they reach the Zoo. A veterinary officer of the Union of South Africa had examined the animals in Cape Town before the ship sailed, certifying that they were in good health and that the district was free from contagious animal diseases. He filed his report with the American consul, who in turn



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gave it to Vida. "A representative of the Bureau of Animal Industry in Washington met the boat last night and gave the animals a thorough going-over," said Dr. Leister. "He'll show up at the Zoo in another few weeks for a further checkup."

DR. LEISTER parked his car outside Pier 5 and nodded to a guard at the door. "I'm Dr. Leister from the Bronx Zoo, come to fetch the animals," he said, and we walked down the dark covered pier to a gangplank, where Dr. Leister was greeted by a short, deeply tanned fellow and two jumpy men in tight-fitting suits. "These are the Carey brothers," said Dr. Leister, introducing me to the jumpy pair. "They're our ship brokers. Handle all the health, import, and freight papers." The short man turned out to be Vida, who said he had to rush off to meet friends and was sorry he couldn't stay to see the animals leave the boat. "Watch out for those penguins," he said. "They bit my hands all the way over and ate eight hundred pounds of fish." I asked him where he had got all that fish. He said in Cape Town and that he had stored it in the ship's refrigerator. Dr. Leister and I followed the Carey brothers up the gangplank and to the stern of the ship. "Ah, the animals!" cried Dr. Leister suddenly, looking down at the deck below us. The port side of the deck was clear except for a cluster of wooden boxes and crates near the railing. Some of the smaller boxes were piled one on top of the other. Three Zoo attendants were idly watching the penguins, who were walking around in an open-top box which was about ten feet long and four feet wide and had a shallow green rubber pool at one end. Nearby, a gang of longshoremen, bossed by a stevedore, were hooking bales of sheepskins to the cable of a crane, which whipped them out of the hold and onto a lighter alongside. Dr. Leister hurried down a metal ladder to the deck and headed for a crate three feet high, with wooden bars. I followed. "Gee, the aardwolf!" said the Doctor, looking into the crate. Explaining to me that the aardwolf was a small edition of a hyena, he got to his knees and stuck a hand between the bars. "Hello, baby," he said. "Nice baby." The aardwolf nodded sleepily. He was lying behind a pan containing a mound of boiled rice. The food apparently had not been touched. "We'll give you what you like at the Zoo," said Dr. Leister, standing up. He glanced into the crate again fondly. "Splendid specimen," he said.

Dr. Leister hopped from box to crate

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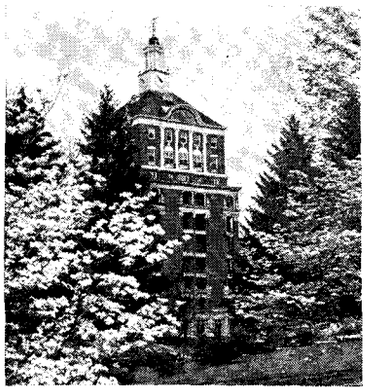

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like an excited child visiting the Zoo for the first time. Two dainty antelope-like creatures occupied the crate next to the aardwolf, one the size of a newborn calf, the other about three feet high. "That little fellow is the steinbok," said Dr. Leister. "The big one is a springbok." The steinbok was dozing in a corner at the rear and I couldn't see him clearly, but the springbok was moving restlessly about the crate. He had a pale-brown back, a deep-brown band along each side, and an alert brown-and-white face. "The springbok can broad-jump fifteen feet," said Dr. Leister, going to his knees again in front of a pile of boxes with chicken-wire fronts.

"Come see the oyster-catchers," he called to me, pointing out two black-and-white birds with stout bodies and long, somewhat reddish bills. "Nobody ever caught these babies eating an oyster," he went on, "but they break open mussels and snails with their beaks." He thought they probably were named by someone who didn't know an oyster from a mussel. A pair of doves were housed in a crate above the oyster-catchers, and above the doves were two Livingston touracos, haughty birds with brilliant-green breasts and flaming-red wings. "Crandall will indeed be pleased with these," muttered Dr. Leister. I asked who Crandall was. "Curator of Birds, of course," he said.

Dr. Leister seemed surprised when he spied a crate housing a brown-spotted animal, which I took for a leopard. "My God, a cheetah!" he said. "We didn't order a cheetah." One of the Zoo attendants overheard the remark and told Dr. Leister that the cheetah was for a sportsman who wanted it as a companion on his place in the country. The Zoo man was Fred Taggard, I learned, head keeper of the reptile department. Taggard said he had come down earlier that morning in the Zoo's truck with an assistant keeper and a maintenance man to take the animals to the Bronx. "A member of the crew told me that the cheetah is tame and has been walking around the deck like a passenger," he said.

Dr. Leister and the Carey brothers went off to make arrangements for removing the crates and Taggard and I walked over to watch a government appraiser, a dark, fragile little man named Lubin, who was shaking his head in front of the penguin pool. He looked incredulously first at the birds and then at a slip of paper he held in his hand. "Hey, Taggard," he said, sternly. "My official list says twelve penguins, but I only see eleven." Taggard practically doubled up with glee. "Don't worry, Lubin," he said. "One died last night. He's right behind the box." Lubin stepped around it and glanced down at the deck. "Right," he said. "Makes twelve." I couldn't imagine why they left a dead penguin lying on the deck, until Taggard told me that the Zoo always presents such things to the Museum of Natural History for mounting. "One dead penguin out of twelve is damned good going," he said. "Usually more die on the way." While Lubin checked off the penguins, I looked over his shoulder and saw that they were appraised at $120, or $10 each; the oyster-catchers were down at $10 each, the springbok at $50, and the steinbok and the aardwolf at $10 each.

The animals were ready to leave the ship, and in a few minutes one of the Careys hove into view, trailed by a stevedore and six or eight longshoremen. "Penguins should go off first," he said to the stevedore. "Please handle them gently."

"We'll handle dem like dey was our own children," said the stevedore.

"Look at de boids, Mike," said a huge, red-faced fellow with a cauliflower ear to a smaller longshoreman with a studious face.

"Penguins ain't boids," said Mike contemptuously. "Dey are reptiles."

"Boids or reptiles," the stevedore yelled, "get to woik!"

The men were attaching heavy ropes to the crate when Mike suddenly picked up the dead penguin and held it at arm's length. "I think I'll stuff him for my kid," he announced.

The stevedore glared at him. "What am I running here? A god-damn museem?" he shouted. "Drop de dead penguin!"

Mike dropped the dead penguin and the stevedore signalled to a man operating an electric crane. The ropes tightened and the crate rose gracefully from the deck.

"Now for the civet cats, men!" cried Mr. Carey, and one after another of the boxes was deposited on the pier until nothing remained on deck except the bok crate and a sturdy wooden box with thick metal bands and three heavy locks. The stevedore squinted into a wire-mesh covering on top of this box and drew back abruptly. "Cobras!" he said. He turned excitedly to his men. "Don't look inside!" he commanded. "My brother-in-law was spit in de eye once by a cobra and he toined green and almost went blind for a month." Taggard assured him that these were

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not the spitting variety, and the men somewhat reluctantly put ropes around the box and it was hoisted to the pier.

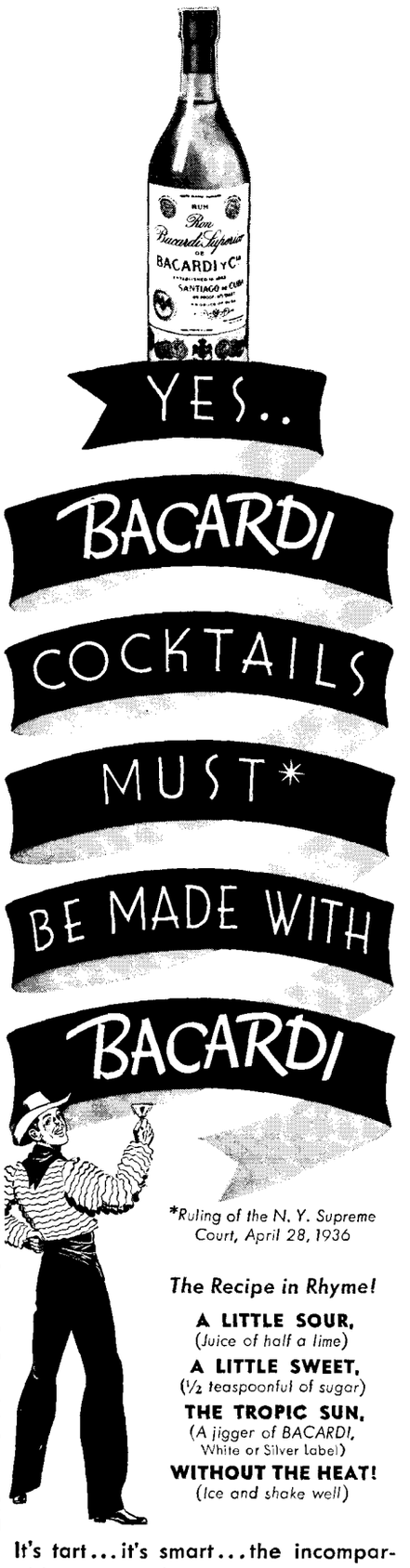
ALL the animals were placed safely on the Zoo's truck, except the steinbok. The pressure of the ropes against his crate had broken a slat, which had snapped inward and injured his mouth. Dr. Leister examined him on the pier and, after getting him on the truck, suggested that he be taken instantly to the Zoo's infirmary. The attendants threw a gray tarpaulin over the back of the truck and started for the Zoo. Dr. Leister and I followed in his car. On the trip uptown, Dr. Leister appeared depressed by the injury to the steinbok. "All the way from Africa," he said, "and he has to get socked in Brooklyn!" The two boks were destined for the new African Plains exhibit, which opened in May. The African Plains are designed to give certain genteel African animals complete freedom of action. Zebras, hartebeests, and marabou storks, for example, romp together on one stretch of land, separated by a wide moat from another on which lions prowl. Although the tops of the trees on the Plains have been lopped off to make them look African, Dr. Leister doubted whether the animals would be fooled for a moment. None of the woody or herbaceous plants of Africa do well in the Bronx, and the Plains have been liberally sprinkled with an international assortment of Texas water locusts, Japanese dogwood, and Southern European hedge. Dr. Leister said that the other curators were impatiently awaiting their charges at the Zoo and, following their usual custom, would unquestionably come out to greet them.

When we reached the Zoo, Dr. Leister drove straight to the one-story brick infirmary, which, like any first-class hospital, has facilities for patients to lie in the sun. Two sun cages faced the driveway, one occupied by Albert, a droopy lion, the other by Old Nellie, a griffon vulture who bears a striking resemblance to Ethel Barrymore in "Whiteoaks." Old Nellie wears the Zoo's service crown, having arrived in 1902. For some years now she has suffered from bumblefoot, or calluses. In a few minutes the truck arrived, and Dr. Leister took one look at the steinbok and went into the infirmary to get the doctor. "The doctor is out paying sick calls," he said when he came out. "He'll be here shortly." While the crates were being unloaded and placed under a clump of trees in the driveway, Dr. Raymond Ditmars, Curator of Reptiles, joined us and headed for the snake box, which Taggard unlocked for his inspection. "There's a mess of trouble in there," said Dr. Ditmars. "Three or four bites from that ensemble and all the serum in the world couldn't pull you through." He seemed pleased with the arrivals: two puff adders, six yellow cobras, and a gaboon viper, all highly poisonous. I asked him if the fangs would be removed, and he said that, for psychological reasons, they would not. A snake supposedly feels depressed enough in a cage; if you take away his last defensive power, he is likely to suffer a nervous breakdown. Dr. Ditmars surveyed the collection of crates and expressed admiration for Vida's ability to feed so many animals for twenty-eight days on shipboard. "I once had charge of forty-eight crates on a boat," he told me, "and by the time I finished serving one complete meal it was time for another, and I myself barely managed to eat."

The snakes were taken to the reptile house for a bath. "Snakes like to be fastidiously clean," said Dr. Ditmars, "and these are messy from their trip." Dr. Ditmars went off to eat lunch. A moment later there was a grinding of brakes behind me as a tiny Crosley truck marked "Animal Ambulance" stopped in front of the boks' crate. A tall young man wearing a spotless white suit got out and smiled professionally at the steinbok. "Take it easy, old boy," he said gently, examining the injured mouth. "How is he, Doc?" asked Taggard. "We'll see, we'll see," said the Doctor, picking the steinbok up out of the broken crate and carrying him into the infirmary. I was about to follow, but Dr. Leister tapped me on the shoulder. "No visitors just now," he said. "However, he'll soon be well again."

Mr. Crandall, the Bird Curator, had arrived meanwhile, and we walked over to watch him scrutinize the Livingston touracos. "Senegals?" he asked Dr. Leister. "Livingstons," said Dr. Leister. Mr. Crandall looked again. "Precisely," he said. "Livingstons." An attendant was ordered to remove them to the bird house for a dish of sliced bananas and grapes, mixed with bits of boiled eggs. "May take them a few days to get adjusted," said Mr. Crandall. Dr. Leister had attendants move the aardwolf and the civet cats to an isolation ward in the infirmary for quarantine, and the springbok was taken to the old camel house, which has been empty for some time. "He can't catch anything down there," said Leister, "or spread anything."

As for the penguins, Mr. Crandall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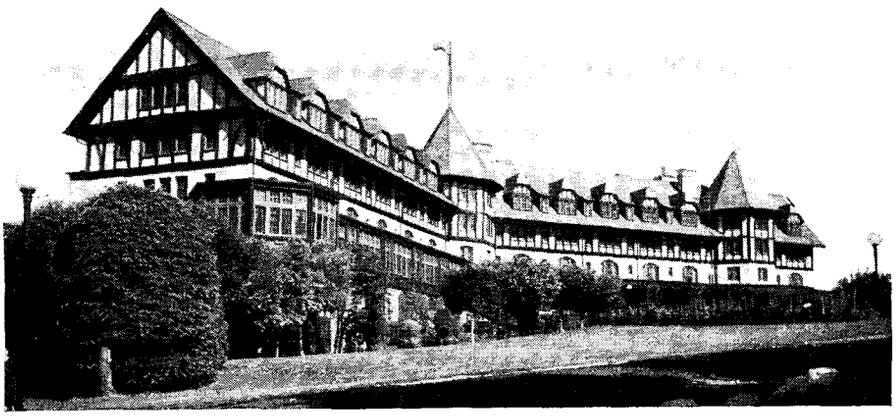

decided to place them on exhibition immediately. "The crowds will like them," he said. He explained that this was the biggest Sunday of the season thus far at the Zoo. Mr. Crandall was carrying a sign which he had had printed in anticipation of the penguins' arrival. The sign said, "Blackfeet Penguins. *Spheniscus Demersus* (*Linnaeus*). The Most Aquatic of Birds. From Africa." Just as the truck was about to take the penguins to their exhibition pool, Allyn Jennings, the director of the Zoo, turned up with Harry Cain, the Mayor of Tacoma, Washington, who was in town for the day and was spending it at the Zoo. Mr. Jennings and Mayor Cain climbed into the truck together with Mr. Crandall, an attendant, the penguins, and myself, and we drove slowly along roadways packed with the Sunday crowd. It was a short ride, but on the way the attendant made use of the time by throwing smelts at the penguins. Five of the birds went after the food with relish but six refused to eat, so the attendant climbed into the box, grabbed them by the neck, one at a time, placed them firmly between his knees, pried open their mouths, and stuffed down the smelts. "Anything wrong with those smelts?" asked Mayor Cain, as a penguin nipped the attendant's trousers. Mr. Crandall explained that penguins are generally bad-tempered when dining in an unfamiliar spot. The truck stopped in front of the pool, where several hundred people crowded around it and cheered loudly as the attendant tossed the penguins one by one into the water. "Mayor, we must have eighty thousand people here today," said Mr. Jennings, pointing to the crowd. The Mayor of Tacoma seemed unimpressed. "Out home we don't bother much with penguins," he said, "but you can't get near our porpoise pool." Mr. Jennings looked embarrassed. The Bronx Zoo has no porpoise. —PHILIP HAMBURGER

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You people better get going.

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OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS

MAGGIE AND THE CONCHS

KEY WEST,
JULY 2

AWHILE ago down here, I ran into a fine example of what my friend Maggie calls "cussed conch contrariness," but before I tell of it, I'd like to say something about Maggie.

Way back in 1932, the faltering Model T that I was driving broke down in Pensacola and I had to stay there three days while some essential parts were being shipped from Atlanta. I spent most of my time in a speakeasy on Palafox Street, next door to the Y.M.C.A., drinking homebrew. I remember the brew very well because of the amazing depth of the yeast sediment—fully three inches, I should say, in each bottle. It was served by a buxom, eighteen-year-old girl who would stand for no profanity around the place and made constant use of a near oath which I have never forgotten and which I have at times used myself. It was "Jeezle Price's gom-dinged daddy!" and she ripped it out whenever she was annoyed, pleased, startled, interrupted, or just pinched. "Jeezle Price's gom-dinged daddy!" she'd yell. "Watch your langridge!" Frequently an offender would remark that her own language seemed hardly above reproach. "What I said is just cussin'," she'd reply. "What you said is gom-dinged profanity, and I won't take none of it, d'ya hear now?" The last night I was there a sailor came in and, after spiking quantities of the homebrew with equal parts of raw white mule, set fire to a red tablecloth, a big sheaf of dried palmetto leaves, and a gray cat. The Fire Department and the Shore Patrol arrived, and I went to the Y.M.C.A.

Well, recently I've been staying in Key West, and one day after I'd got to know my way around I wandered into a little saloon on Front Street, which runs along the Gulf edge of the town. It is called a club and is just a two-room, unpainted frame building. It has dozens of counterparts here. In the front room is the bar; in the back room, gambling goes on from dawn to dawn—at a table where stud or blackjack is eternally dealt, at a dice table, and at the umbrella game, which is just like roulette except that instead of a wheel, they spin something that looks rather like an ornate parlor lampshade. The first night I went there the bar was being tended by a fat woman, whom I probably would never have recognized if she hadn't suddenly grabbed a man by the shoulders, pointed to a sign warning against profanity, and shouted, "Jeezle Price's gom-dinged daddy! Cain't you read?" Of course I asked her if she had ever been in Pensacola, and it was Maggie, all right. She didn't remember me, but she remembered the incendiary sailor. "Remember him!" she cried. "I married the bleating buzzard!" She went on to say that he's at the submarine base here. I've since found out that, for the record, she is the owner of the place, because it wouldn't do to have a Navy man mixed up with a saloon, but he comes over every night and does the heavy work just the same.

Maggie's is frequented mostly by skilled laborers working in the navy yard and by some of the older sailors—machinist's mates and the like—who are sot and sodden in their ways and want to eat their pig's feet and drink their daily ten or twelve bottles of beer in comparative quiet. They drink beer as all Key Westers and all who come in contact with them do—right out of the bottle. ("I hear you use glasses up on the mainland," a wondering native said to me not long ago.) The younger fry from the ships and the yard don't go much to Maggie's, because she won't let girls hang around and she hasn't got a juke box, or jook—to rhyme with "took"—organ, as they call them here. "You put a nickel in them and what comes out?" Maggie says. "Nothin' but some gom-dinged crooming. You cain't hear yo'-se'f make change." I like Maggie's and drop in often because the sandwiches she serves are made with ordinary white bread—American bread, the Key Westers call it, to distinguish it from their bread, the long-loafed, iron-baked Cuban kind that's good but hard on dentistry. And Maggie likes me because I'm not a conch.

A conch (pronounced "conk") is properly a native-born white descendant of the original British-stock settlers who came here from the Bahamas. Loosely, it means any non-Cuban or non-Negro person born on Key West or the neighboring keys. To Maggie, a conch (and she can put a world of scorn into the saying of the word) is anyone—white, brown, or black—who isn't mainland born and bred, and she wants no truck with such. Little examples of crustiness that she'd easily put up with in a mainlander—an insurance collector coming a day early and insisting upon his weekly quarter or a customer demanding that the shaker be filled with dry salt—drive her into a fury if the offender is a conch. Vainly I tell her that maybe conchs *are* a trifle more ornery than most mainlanders but islands breed hard-shelled folk who have to be forgiven lots of idiosyncrasies. "No," she says, "it's just cussed conch contrariness, and Jeezle Price knows it."

As I said, I have now seen an example of what she means, and I loved it.

SHORTLY after I ran into Maggie down here, Key West played host to the Florida State Convention of the American Legion. I don't know how many of the portly gentlemen and their flowered-print ladies crowded into town, but I do know that three of their ghastly Forty-and-Eight railroad engines, clanging and hooting up and down through the community's four-block business district, made more noise and havoc than dozens of them did in Times Square a few years ago. The Key Westers put their best foot forward. They contributed to an entertainment fund, they sent to Miami for a man to come down over the keys and drape the fronts of their shops and the poles along Duval Street with bunting, they set up a reviewing stand (which nobody sat in during the parade), and they turned a vacant lot opposite the Episcopal church into an outdoor gambling spot with roulette, umbrella, dice, and Bingo games, all played for hard cash, plus a special penny game for the kiddies. Finally they prepared and rehearsed a show which was to be put on in the middle of Duval Street, right in front of La Concha Hotel, which the Legion pretty much took over for its shindig. The show, the Legion and the town were informed, would precede a fiesta on the first night of the convention and it would be followed by general dancing in the streets. There were to be maybe a dozen small acts—Uncle Sam in a flirtation dance with Señorita Pan-America, a Cuban band, a tango couple, and the like—and a finale with fourteen rumba dancers in costume.

On the night of the show the people

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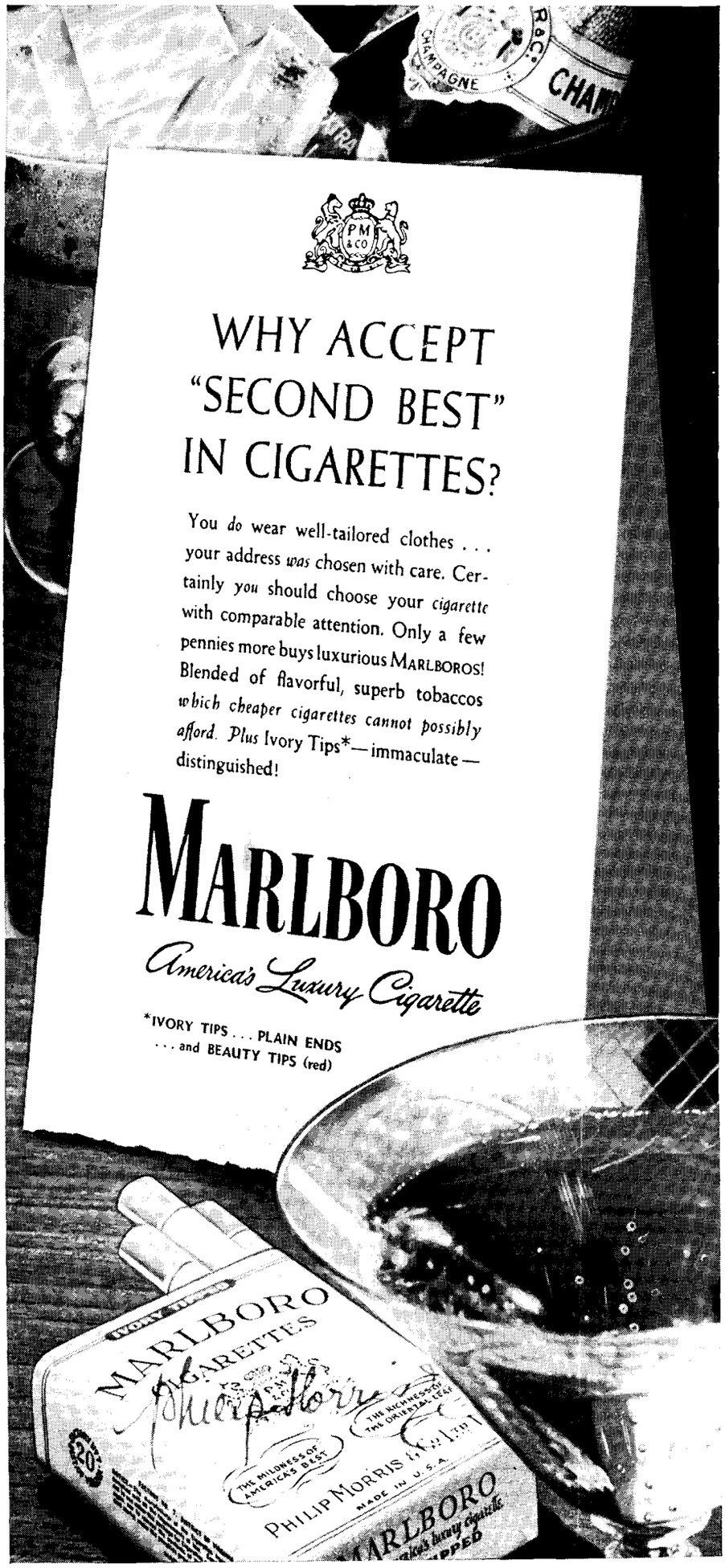
WHY ACCEPT
"SECOND BEST"
IN CIGARETTES?
You do wear well-tailored clothes . . . your address was chosen with care. Certainly you should choose your cigarette with comparable attention. Only a few pennies more buys luxurious MARLBOROS! Blended of flavorful, superb tobaccos which cheaper cigarettes cannot possibly afford. Plus Ivory Tips*—immaculate—distinguished!
MARLBORO
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*IVORY TIPS . . . PLAIN ENDS
. . . and BEAUTY TIPS (red)
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
PHILIP MORRIS
MADE IN U.S.A.

gathered and the band climbed up on the reviewing stand, followed by a local Legionnaire announcer who, with the help of a microphone, shouted to the crowd to clear the middle of the street—the stage, so to speak. That's about as far as things ever got. There was plenty of room for all on the sidelines, but the Key Westers liked it where they were, out in the street, and wouldn't budge. The announcer pleaded. Two city cops and two state policemen went around patting, pushing gently, and cajoling, and the people smiled, shouted good-naturedly at one another, and just stood. A few of us—mainlanders all and accustomed to being herded—dutifully moved to the sidewalk or perched on walls, but not the conchs.

Finally, as an experiment, two of the show numbers were put on in the middle of the crowd, and Uncle Sam flirted and the tango couple tangoed in a space about as large as that required by a razor-blade pitchman on Sixth Avenue. A few more acts followed, but after each there was a fifteen-minute wait while the announcer, hoping for a miracle, wheedled and threatened. "What will people think of Key West when our visitors go home and say that they weren't able to see the show because the Key Westers got in the way?" he bawled. It wasn't until later that we realized the visitors would never say any such thing, for by some mixup in the schedule, the Legionnaires were all safely inside La Concha Hotel at the time, attending a dinner dance and knowing nothing of the fiasco.

Well, the space was never cleared and the rumba finale never went on. In anger, the announcer dealt out his punishment: there would be no street dancing. This was quite all right with everyone; it left the conchs free to do what they do every night anyway, though perhaps not with such glad rags on—go up and dance on the cement runway of the filling station in front of the bowling alley. On the porch of the alley there's an oversized jook organ, filled to bursting with tangos, rumbas, and congas. The cast of the finale led a conga line which, once it got going, stretched two blocks and headed toward the beach at the Atlantic end of the street, far away from the gom-dinged Legion.

—CLIFFORD ORR

•

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*From a dress adv. in the Hartford Times*]

WEAR your
STRAWBERRIES
to look fresh as a tart!

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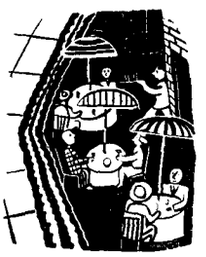
TABLES FOR TWO

Here, There, and Here Again

IT has become fashionable for night-club proprietors to follow their patrons into the country and, like the Mayor, establish a summer headquarters. One notable exception to this trend, however, is Felix Ferry, who waited until many of his colleagues had skipped out of town and then opened the Monte Carlo Beach, which should bring on fits of jealousy in the profession. His Beach, next door to his winter Monte Carlo, is as handsome a one as you'll ever see, though you won't find any sand there.



Probably Mr. Ferry had no choice about the dimensions of the new spot, which is long and narrow and, all in all, better suited for a shooting gallery than a night club. Aside from its unfortunate shape, the place is fine. It has been done up tastefully in light, cool colors, with yellows and greens predominating and sometimes, especially in the case of the hatcheck girl's and page boy's outfits, combining to make a dizzy display. Like its neighbor, the club is divided into two sections; there's a bar with a mirrored ceiling right at the entrance, and a room beyond with one of those infinitesimal dance floors and a lot of fanciful plants decorating its walls. Down at the far end of all this sits John Kirby's band, dressed up, too, in outlandish uniforms and looking uncomfortable in them. Kirby's men play with considerably more restraint than is their wont, presumably out of consideration for the patrons, who don't mind roughing it for the summer with Mr. Ferry but might think one of O'Neil Spencer's violent sessions at the drums was carrying things too far. As a matter of fact, though, I don't know why the orchestra or anyone else should bother to try to please a few of the regular customers who are living right up to the old Monte Carlo tradition of being rude to entertainers. The night I was at the Beach a personable young singer named Loulie Jean encountered so much vocal competition from her audience that I wouldn't have blamed her had she gone off to some quieter beach, like Coney Island.

El Morocco's summer headquarters, the Westchester Bath Club in Mamaroneck, is quite a hop from Fifty-fourth Street, as anyone who has ever got lost on his way there can tell you. It is one of the few country night clubs that are actually out of doors; it is, at least, until rain begins to fall, at which point everybody scrambles into a room in the adjacent clubhouse set aside for such contingencies. On clear nights the Club operates on a breezy and comfortable terrace, differing from ordinary country-club terraces in that Ernie Holst's orchestra is stationed at its edge and the chairs are upholstered in some zebra-striped stuff doubtlessly filched from urban Morocco. Then, too, there are the regular El Morocco waiters, some of them still seemingly suspicious in the presence of what may well be their first real trees.

EXCEPT on extremely sultry nights, when part of the roof is removed, like the top of a pumpkin, you're no nearer to the outdoors at Ben Marden's Riviera, across the George Washington Bridge, than is a mushroom *sous cloche*. The view from the Riviera's expansive windows, though, will continue to be something special as long as Manhattan doesn't start experimenting with blackouts. At the Riviera, as glittering a Jersey spectacle as Mayor Hague himself, you'll find Pancho's orchestra, a hold-over from last year, and a show that might seem rather limp if it weren't for the sprucing up given it by Mr. Marden's collection of pretty girls. One of the nice aspects of the place is, of course, the trip across the bridge—always something of a bracer on a sluggish night.

THE Glen Island Casino, which for these many summers has been causing young Westchester folk to pioneer eastward from New Rochelle, has gained the reputation of launching relatively obscure bands on the ways of success, so it would seem safe to predict that next winter you'll be hearing a lot of Charlie Spivak's orchestra, currently being launched. It's impossible not to hear a lot of Spivak now; despite the vastness of the Casino, and it really is vast, his music crashes loudly about the place, probably curling the tails of the squirrels who live outside. Selective service, which is supposed to have affected the number of young men about town, seems to have made little dent on the crowds here, possibly because the majority of the customers are of pre-draft vintage. If, in such spacious surroundings, your waiter turns up only once every half-hour, don't necessarily inter-

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The new Sava-Wave* swim cap is smart, and comfortable as well. To the style one associates with any creation of Kleinert's is the added satisfaction of guaranteed protection to your hair—made in a choice of three sizes carefully graduated to meet your particular needs. ℘ Because of the patented inner-rim (an exclusive Kleinert feature) "Water Stays Out, Wave Stays In."

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At your favorite shop
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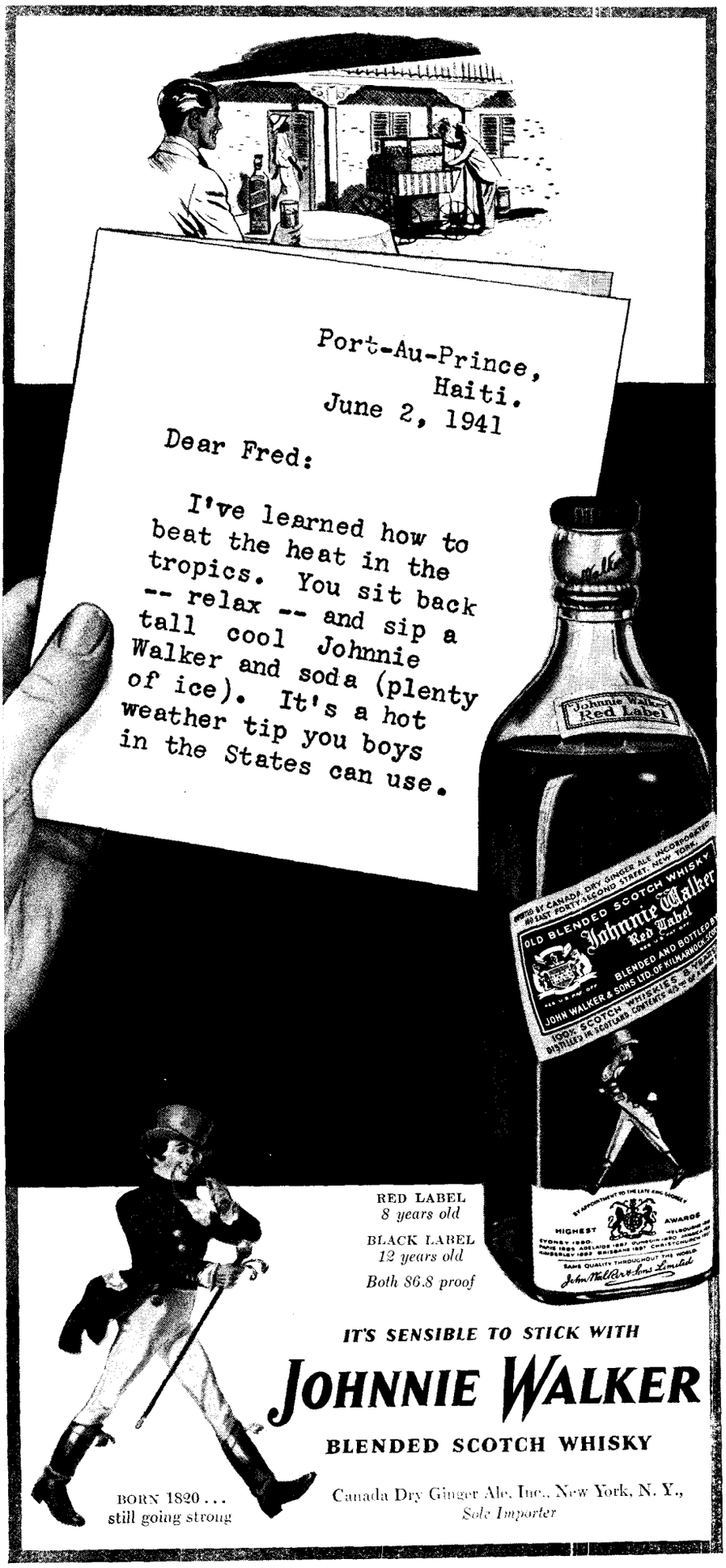
Port-Au-Prince,
Haiti.
June 2, 1941
Dear Fred:
I've learned how to beat the heat in the tropics. You sit back -- relax -- and sip a tall cool Johnnie Walker and soda (plenty of ice). It's a hot weather tip you boys in the States can use.
Johnnie Walker
Red Label
OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Johnnie Walker
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BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD. OF KILMARNOCK
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
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HIGHEST AWARDS
SAME QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
John Walker & Sons Limited
RED LABEL
8 years old
BLACK LABEL
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Both 86.8 proof
IT'S SENSIBLE TO STICK WITH
JOHNNIE WALKER
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
BORN 1820 . . .
still going strong
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.,
Sole Importer

pret this as meaning he does not like you. For all I know, twenty-eight minutes, the mark set by mine, may be record time for a round trip to the service bar.

WHILE on the subject of summery places, it's perhaps fitting to remind you that the Tavern-on-the-Green is carrying on in a reasonably summery manner out there in Central Park, where the trees are no less authentic than Westchester's and there's less chance of taking the wrong road on the way home. The dinner hour is apt to be a bit hectic, with some youngsters around so remote from the draft they have to be spoon-fed by their parents, but later on in the evening things quiet down, and there's usually plenty of room to dance. —CHECK

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THE ANATOMY OF HUMOR

"What is funny?" you ask, my child,
Crinkling your bright-blue eye.
"Ah, that is a curious question indeed,"
Musing, I make reply.

"Contusions are funny, not open
wounds,
And automobiles that go
Crash into trees by the highwayside;
Industrial accidents, no.

"The habit of drink is a hundred per
cent,
But drug addiction is nil.
A nervous breakdown will get no
laughs;
Insanity surely will.

"Humor, aloof from the cigarette,
Inhabits the droll cigar;
The middle-aged are not very funny;
The young and the old, they are.

"So the funniest thing in the world
should be
A grandsire, drunk, insane,
Maimed in a motor accident,
And enduring moderate pain.

"But why do you scream and yell, my
child?
Here comes your mother, my honey,
To comfort you and to lecture me
For trying, she'll say, to be funny."

—MORRIS BISHOP

•

BUGS EXTERMINATED. Roaches, fleas, moths, ants, bed bugs, beetles, rats, mice, vermin. Our operators come to you without visible identity.—*Adv. in the Providence phone book.*

That would scare the living pants off us.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THROWN back upon native resources for objects with which to decorate the rooms we live in, we seem to be faring better than a lot of us deserve. I wish, for instance, that more shoppers who are just now beginning to make a fuss over the Early American period with such pleased and audible astonishment would have the grace at least to blush a little for having been so sniffy about it in the past, but that's beside the point. What is really important is that home-grown decorative products, both antique and modern, are at last getting some of the attention they merit. It would be folly to pretend that European wares are not missed, but it is good to see the proper notice being paid to arts and crafts which have always been capably handled in this country.

A few months ago a shop was opened at 855 Second Avenue (46th) by Harry Richardson, whose drawings and designs people have been admiring in decorating magazines for more than fifteen years. The place has now hit its stride as a source of exactly the sort of material I've just been talking about. In it, for one thing, is a group of summer lamps of Mr. Richardson's own design. They have wood bases carved in the various accordion shapes of Chinese lanterns, the real old strawberry-festival kind, and may be had in natural finish or—much better, I think—brilliant Chinese colors in flat paint. Papery fabric or tinsel-paper drum shades go on top, and the whole job comes to $13.75 for a good, big table lamp that couldn't be better for a porch or terrace or an informal summer room. Other wooden lamps, their shapes taken from antique bottles and jars, are so gracefully modelled and so expertly sprayed with bone-white lacquer that you'd swear they were made of fine porcelain. These are $10.50. Wallpaper shades add from $3 to $6. Modern pharmacy jars, which the shop carries in every sort of size and shape, may not sound unusual, but these, unlike most, are finished with a perfectly plain oyster-white glaze—no decorations. Some of the larger ones would make handsome lamps at no great cost, and you can work out dressing-table and bathroom sets from an assortment of the smaller bottles and covered boxes. If you're handy with a brush, you can even monogram them in nail enamel.

This place has good old things, too, and among them are steamer chairs from the S.S. Leviathan, which, aside from the tender associations they may well have for you, are incomparably fine to use as sunning seats in any outdoor spot. They're a true buy at $8 each, which includes refinishing if you want it done. Some big, brassbound, camphorwood sea chests dating from the days of the China Trade range from $35 to $65; the hardware on them is exceptionally handsome and the camphorwood keeps moths away. There are ship's lanterns, too—old one-of-a-kind examples, often costing less than $5, and, equally inexpensive, some whopping big oil lamps in black metal, to hang or stand and give a brilliant light on terraces and in summerhouses where electricity has still to find its way.

THE Salt Box Shop, a new department at McCreery, is another effort to point up various decorative periods in our history. Here they've gone right back to the beginning in their search for pretty, useful, and preferably gay objects to copy, working up from the pre-Revolutionary era to late American Victorian, and not taking any of it too seriously. The shop is crammed with things that look as if they'd be fun to have around, whether you possess a gem of a New England salt-box house to put them in or just a New York apartment that could do with a bit of freshening for the summer. The designers who work for this place seem especially good at small decorations, such as a series of six-inch lacquered and painted papier-mâché dolls in American period costumes, to use as you would any porcelain or ceramic figurines. You can get a modest Pilgrim couple for $6 or you can pay $19.95 for President Madison and Dolly, a quite magnificent pair.

For that empty-fireplace problem which all the stores, for better or worse, are trying to solve this summer, they've rigged up a black tôle fan set on a little base and painted with roses in the tin-tray manner. It's $5.50, and probably as pretty a means of keeping people from flicking matchsticks into the fireless cavern as you'll find. The same rose-

"Have you a maid's uniform like the one Joan Crawford wore in— What did you say the name of that film was, Helga?"

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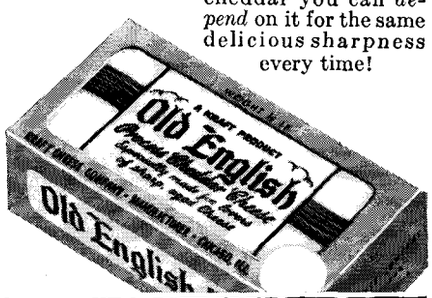
● Right next to the cold bottles in your refrigerator belongs a package of Old English Brand. For this is *sharp-flavored* cheddar, natural crony of thirst-quenchers. Because Old English is a Kraft pasteurized process cheddar you can *depend* on it for the same delicious sharpness every time!



And in the Latin American vogue —the music of Gus Martel and his "Gauchos"

The VIENNESE ROOF
(Air-Conditioned)
presents Hal Saunders & his orchestra
Theatre Dinner • Dinner • Supper • Dancing
The Viennese Roof is also open for Luncheon daily except Sunday
THE St. Regis 5th Avenue at 55th St., N.Y.

cluster decorations appear upon, of all things, a black shoeshine box—fine for country emergencies and the first thing of its kind I've ever seen that will actually improve the looks of a room; $6.95. You'll come on reproduction milk glass in tableware, antiqued brass in some especially good outdoor letterboxes stamped with the Federal eagle, and a great deal of tin- and wooden-ware, creditably decorated to resemble old tôle.

THE attractive wares of an enterprise called the Cape Cod Fish Net Industries are getting about in quite a few New York stores. Macy has three of their best things: a table lamp of that silvery-gold Kapa-shell stuff, fitted with a square gold-paper shade overlaid with aquamarine fish net ($31.43 for the works); curtain holdbacks, each made of a single enormous flat shell ($1.88 a pair); and great, tasselled sheets of natural-color fish net, to use as bedspreads or canopies ($12.89 single, $16.89 double). Both W. & J. Sloane and Lord & Taylor have a tasselled fish-net curtain which also may serve either as a bedspread or a banquet-size tablecloth (when it's a curtain, you use just one to a window, turning it over at the top to make a valance).

No less than three stores have taken to Cape Cod Fish Net double-starched table mats—Hammacher Schlemmer, Altman, and Saks-Fifth Avenue. You may buy the mats singly or in sets of a dozen, with a handy tray of unglazed wood hand-painted with marine decorations by Peter Hunt, who, you'll remember, is himself a Cape Codder. The mats, starched as stiff as boards, come in ten colors, including chartreuse, copper, coral, gold, and a wonderful dusty blue. The tray has an edging of pegs so it can be used as a drying rack on which to shape the mats after laundering.

SOME more of those good John Gerald rooms are on view right now at Altman, and, appropriately, they're strongly American in flavor. The one people seem most reluctant to tear themselves away from is a cottage living room designed for Nantucket or any comparable locale. It's a triumph because, though all done in brilliant red, white, and blue, it's a comfortable, mellow room, best described as cozy, rather than the flag-waving showpiece it may sound like. It has cobalt-blue walls, red upholstery, a lot of stark-white woodwork with black iron hardware, and a bit of pattern here and there in printed fabrics. Mr. Gerald's best rooms at Altman al-

... and when they get tired he has a Gin and Tonic!

The first Gin and Tonic tastes interesting. The second, intriguing. The third, delicious! Learn to like this famous cooler from East of Suez. Try *three.*

HERE'S HOW —*A jigger of gin in an 8-oz. glass, plenty of ice, fill with* CANADA DRY QUININE WATER, *add a thin slice of lemon or lime and serve.*

CANADA DRY
Quinine Water
(CARBONATED)

At popular prices wherever fine beverages are sold.

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS OF THE "MET"
"... *My visits a delight*"

"My visits to the Bellevue-Stratford have been a delight and I wish you every success in the policy which makes for such unusual charm, all too rarely found in hotel life."

BELLEVUE-STRATFORD
CLAUDE H. BENNETT, General Manager Philadelphia
Air Conditioned Restaurants • Reasonable Rates
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ways look as if nice people lived in them and had just stepped out for a minute, and this one is like that. —B. B.

SPORTS, GAMES, ETC.

A Boat, a Cabin, and Fish

ANYONE who has been to Sea Island, Georgia, lately has probably seen some of the more daring vacationers skittering over its beaches in sandboats, those speedy hybrids which look very much like iceboats except that they have wheels instead of runners. Sandboating suddenly became so popular at Sea Island last winter that Macy, deciding to feel out the North on the subject, ordered a number of the craft and now has one on display. It's a trim job with the triangular metal frame of an iceboat, a single sail run up on a mast that rises from the middle of its bow (if you can call it that), and a seat for two near the stern. The boat's three wheels —two in front and one behind—have pneumatic tires, and the stern one, as you might expect, is mounted on a swivel and attached to a tiller with which skillful navigators can maneuver nautically about without going near the water. Since a level sandy beach at low tide makes one of the best sandboat courses, you may *want* to go near the water, although I understand that some enthusiasts have been quite successful piloting their vessels about private airports and golf courses. The price is $229, which includes the sail.

The same store showed me a prefabricated cabin which two reasonably competent adults can put up or take down in thirty minutes and which combines a hint of the comforts of home with most of the advantages of a tent. It is called the Sportable and is designed primarily for motorists who like to flirt with the idea of sleeping out in the wilds but aren't quite up to doing it under canvas. (I'd suggest that hunters have a look at it, too, for it could be carried in a rowboat, heats up nicely with a small oilstove, and would be a godsend near a duckblind on chill fall days.) The sides and roof of the cabin are made of three-by-four-foot panels of a weatherproof composition and these, when assembled, give you a room eight feet square with space for two cots or double-deckers. A piece of canvas suffices for a floor and there are five screened windows with transparent plastic panes, which may be removed when the weather is good. The panels, placed one on top of another, make a pile only seven inches high, which can be easily strapped on a car's trunk rack; eight light supporting rods and a

Yes, this great ALL-WEATHER FLEET offers more than Certainty!

Of course, the great rank and file of business men and women take the Pennsylvania's All-Weather Fleet—first, last and always—because of its 365-day dependability.

But what a blessing it is when summer really "turns on the heat"! You relax in modern air-conditioned Pullman Lounges possessing every up-to-the-minute appointment—divans, murals, mirrors, radio, beverage bars. You dine in an invigorating atmosphere that gives zest to your appetite. You sleep on a real bed in a private room at a temperature which you determine yourself. If you have work to do, fine! Do it in coolness and quiet.

Six types of private rooms to choose from—Roomettes, Duplex Rooms, Bedrooms, Compartments, Drawing Rooms, Master Rooms. Also Section Sleepers. And almost all trains of the fleet carry modern reclining-seat coaches. The cost is small—because fares are SO LOW!

Get a good night's sleep! No tossing, perspiring because of the heat. You regulate your own temperature in your private room. Hotel-like in its completeness, even to individual toilet facilities. The cost? Surprisingly low!

Leaders of the Fleet!

BROADWAY LIMITED
(16-hour All-Room Train)
New York•Philadelphia•Chicago

THE GENERAL
New York•Philadelphia•Chicago

"SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS"
New York•Philadelphia•St. Louis
Washington•Baltimore•St. Louis

LIBERTY LIMITED
Washington•Baltimore•Chicago

THE PITTSBURGHER
(All-Room Train)
New York•Pittsburgh

THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE
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And daily trains serving Pittsburgh, Columbus, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit and other cities.

SHORTEST EAST WEST ROUTE

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With 300 Gins to choose from:

The Advantage is with Gordon's

BECAUSE...

Gordon's has the advantage of Liqueur Quality and High Proof, 94.4.

and BECAUSE...

Drinks never taste thin with Gordon's Gin.

Gordon's Gin

100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain

Copr. 1941, Gordon's Dry Gin Co., Ltd., Linden, N. J.

nine-foot ridgepole ride on the top or on the running board. No plumbing, of course, but it's incomparably more luxurious than a tent; $92.50.

SURF fishermen so expert that they hanker for equipment to make the sport more tricky should be interested in the Abercrombie & Fitch lightweight squidder, a fragile-looking hexagonal pole which considerably increases the difficulty—and the pride of achievement—in hauling in a big striped bass. It has a core of slender bamboo strips reinforced by an outer sheath of thicker ones; $29.50. Others who want to experiment with the sport, though not quite so adventurously, might try the King Zig-Wag, a lure which was originally designed for muskellunge but which William Mills & Son, at 21 Park Place, are now selling with the suggestion that it will get results in offshore casting. It's a six-inch, red-and-white plug cut in two sections and then fastened together with a double joint, and has hooks secured to it not only by the usual studs but by waterproofed lines, so that even the biggest weakfish or striper shouldn't be able to pull them out.

JOTTINGS: A. & F. have made a trout fisherman's tackle container out of cowhide along the lines of a briefcase. It has a zipper around three sides and is fitted with pockets and straps to hold all sorts of gear; $13.75. . . . You may already have come across the Vac-O-Grip carrier, which I saw at the same shop and which handily solves the problem of carrying canoes, water skis (regular skis, too), and surfboards by car, provided you drive a closed one. It is a light metal rack with straps to hold such cumbersome paraphernalia and it clings to the top of a sedan by means of rubber suction cups; when not in use it may be folded up and carried in the luggage compartment; $10.50. . . . If you have a tennis racquet you want restrung, there are plenty of excellent players who will tell you that you couldn't go to a better place than Feron, at 55 East 44th Street. . . . Lewis & Conger have an attractive selection of knives, forks, and spoons made of stainless steel with conventional tableware patterns—fine on yachts because salt air won't affect them. —E. F. K.

•

I'm going to wear a business suit at my wedding. Should I wear a white tie?
—*The News.*

What business are you in?

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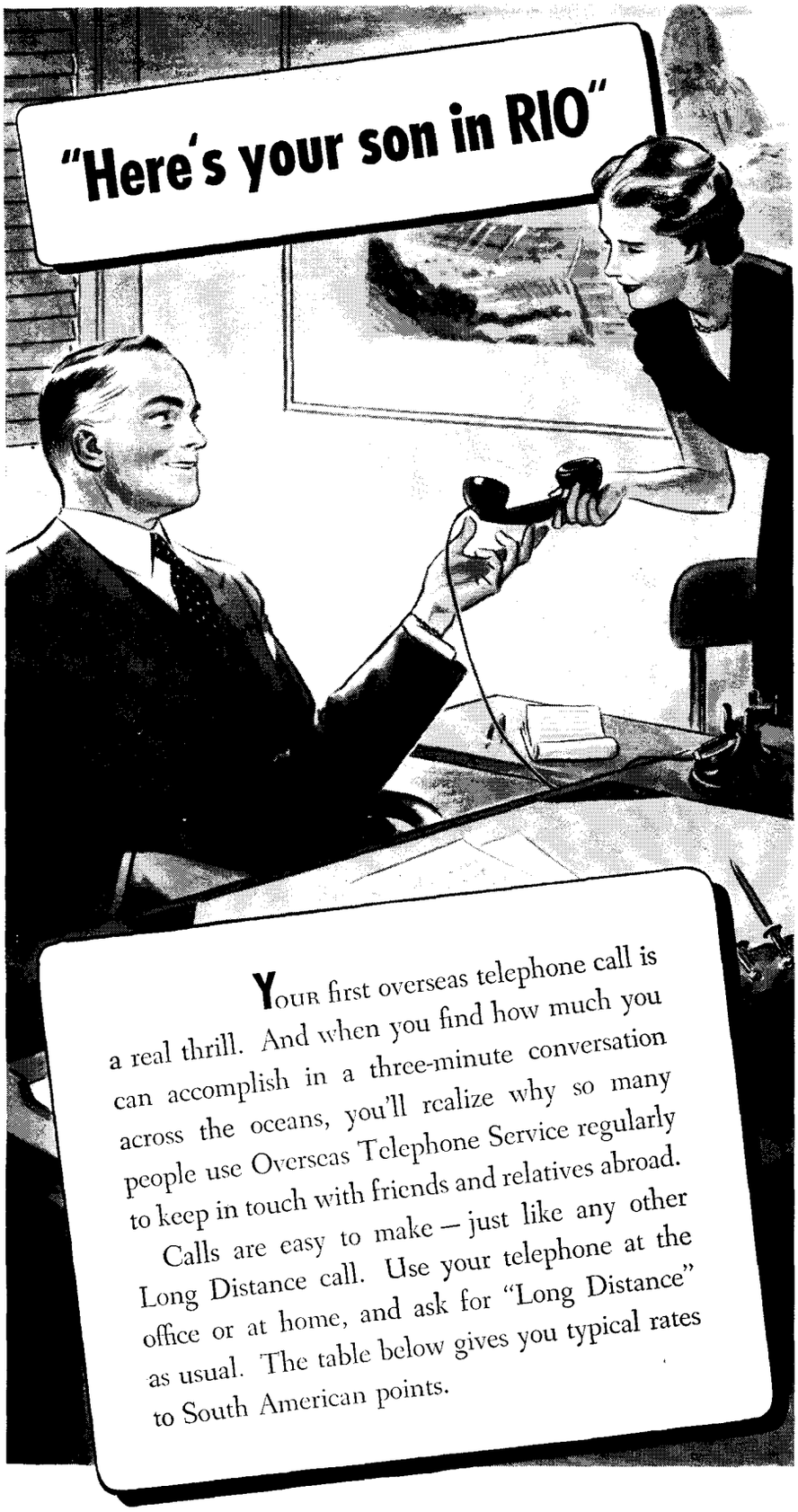
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Men, Beasts, and Marlene

IT is easy to feel sometimes that the Industry has just had occasion to piece together a few odds and ends, take hints from successful films and reëmploy them, and assemble various actors who happen to be free at the moment and who don't care much what they do. That is somewhat the effect, anyhow, of "Manpower," a trifle I ran upon recently, which is full of jealousy, night-club life, and the activities of power-company linemen and their emotional crises. These crises always occur on the top of a high-tension tower in a thunderstorm, and such is, of course, the case here. The milieu is not an unsuitable one for Edward G. Robinson and George Raft, and we accept them calmly enough, each with his own special and recognizable traits. Mr. Robinson, I might add, is displayed in no villainous temper but as a goodly soul, gullible and misled, which estimate of his nature makes murder at last (the murder of the man he thinks has betrayed him with his wife) neither illogical nor dishonorable. The mood of the murderer, among persons as primitive as these linemen, can be condoned, and our sympathies for him are not lost.

The surprise of the film, however, is the presence, in the midst of this honest but obscure society, of Madame Marlene Dietrich. It is as much of a shock to find the lady here as it might be in real life to discover her at a counter beside you having coffee and doughnuts, and once seen in a bungalow apron baking biscuits, she may never seem quite the same to her admirers. To be sure, she is introduced to us as she leaves jail after a year's incarceration for thievery. Coming through the prison gates, she suggests the old Marlene of the grim era, not the comedienne of the later phase, and the earlier period is suggested again as she sings "I Lied and He Listened" in a clip joint. A tragic article, she becomes by a turn of circumstances involved with the linemen of a Los Angeles light-and-power company and proves to be a type to upset any of the public utilities. It is, one gathers, owing to her baleful presence, and to no invad-


"Here's your son in RIO"
Your first overseas telephone call is a real thrill. And when you find how much you can accomplish in a three-minute conversation across the oceans, you'll realize why so many people use Overseas Telephone Service regularly to keep in touch with friends and relatives abroad.
Calls are easy to make — just like any other Long Distance call. Use your telephone at the office or at home, and ask for "Long Distance" as usual. The table below gives you typical rates to South American points.

THREE-MINUTE RATES FROM NEW YORK TO

	Week-day	Sunday
RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL	$15.00	$12.00
LIMA, PERU	15.00	12.00
BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA	15.00	12.00
BOGOTA, COLOMBIA	12.00	8.25
SANTIAGO, CHILE	18.00	15.00

Bell System OVERSEAS Telephone Service

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This is a man playing with words.

Isn't that silly?

This is a man bursting with joy.

Isn't that silly?

This is a man trying to sell New York's prosperous families without The Sun.

Isn't that silly!

The Sun
NEW YORK

ing force, that there are many blackouts in the community, and also that we have that stormy imbroglio on the high-tension tower, which doubtless brought in many letters of complaint from lightless clients.

PIECED together, but with discretion and success, is "Frank Buck's Jungle Cavalcade," an assortment of the more highly exciting or diverting sequences from "Bring 'Em Back Alive," "Wild Cargo," and "Fang and Claw." The film runs well over an hour and is something refreshing and distracting for these days. There are pythons and tigers, pythons versus tigers, a python which has swallowed a whole pig, black panthers, honey bears, and mice deer. You have very likely seen them all, but they are fun to see again, and I am sure your psychiatrist, if he is a sensible man, would recommend them.

If your psychiatrist feels you have any mind left at all, he probably won't want you to spend your time with "Moon Over Miami," unless you have a complex about Betty Grable or Charlotte Greenwood or Don Ameche. The music and so on seemed very dull to me, and seldom have I seen a musical show in which there was so much talk about money. Money and bills and rent can weight down any musical-comedy book. . . . The Dead End Kids, as they will be called till they are ninety, I suppose, do not show indications of any encroaching maturity in "Hit the Road," nor, for that matter, do the various writers, producers, and directors concerned with the film. —JOHN MOSHER

•

Their friendship ended in 1939, he said, when she came to his home, awakened him and asked him to put his head out a window and give her a kiss. When he complied, he said, she struck him with a wrench or a piece of pipe.

The Enfield garageman admitted that he then fired his gun out the window to speed her on her way home.—*New Haven Register.*

So fades a summer cloud away.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Bangor Daily News*]

Ruth Draper, the reader, who recently participated in the Commencement exercises at the University of Maine, is entertaining five English children at her summer home in Dark Harbor. They have been with her about a week.

Miss Draper did not care to have the incident further mentioned.

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590 FIFTH AVE. near 48th

Bon Vivant Green Turtle Consommé MADRILÈNE

JELLS IN 2 HOURS. THE ONLY CONSOMMÉ MADRILÈNE WITH REAL TURTLE BASE.
Serve this cool, cool luncheon and dinner treat *alone or in a salad. 2 hours in refrigerator* and it's perfect. A thrilling, new taste to sparkle summer meals and snacks. At better grocers & Dept. Stores—6 cans $1.00—or by phone or mail.
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127 Beekman St. (BE 3-3399) New York

Spivy's ROOF
PL 3-1518
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Delicious Dinner $1.50
DINE ON THE OPEN TERRACE
EDDIE MAYEHOFF • BETTY BRYANT
BILLIE HAYWOOD & CLIFF ALLEN
SPIVY SINGS NIGHTLY
Drop in for that Favorite Cocktail and that "PSYCHIC" reading

See This Magnificent 7-Room Apartment at
Studio 29x20
3 Terraces—Solarium
3 Baths—6 Closets
WM. A. WHITE & SONS Agent
340 West 57th St., Tel. Circle 7-6990
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OUT OF TOWN

5:30 Breakfast at Brielle

NOW that the last of the charter boats has been brought up from Florida and the tuna, white marlin, and broadbill swordfish are finning it along the Jersey coast, I've been down to Manasquan Inlet to see what's new this year at Brielle. It adds up to two additional yacht basins—making seven in all—to help berth the mightiest summertime fleet of charter boats on the Eastern seaboard. It also adds up to slightly higher prices than last year. If you and four or five cronies want to troll for game fish, you'll have to pay $30 or $35 a day for a thoroughly equipped boat during the week and $5 more on weekends and holidays; party boats, which rock dozens of people peacefully about over wrecks and other fish hangouts, are getting $2.50 a head this year. There's still no special fishermen's train down there, but things hum all week, just the same. Most of the folk who fish out of Brielle arrive by car, which is no hardship, as the roads leading to it are good and the parking prairies vast and convenient. It's nothing at all to find your way there by boat, of course, since the place is right at the entrance of the Inland Waterway to the South, and some of the basins are hosts to almost as many haughty private jobs as charter craft.

All the charter boats provide first-class tackle and most of the better ones have ship-to-ship and ship-to-shore telephones to keep tabs on where the fish are running, so your final decision will probably depend on little more than the personality of the captain and the color of his deck cushions. Charter boats make for the Inlet (ten minutes or so from the dock) soon after six, and the party boats take their enthusiastic loads out at eight; all come in around three. Every basin has noble racks for exhibiting your catch and there are local photographers about who will spring to attention if you forget your Brownie.

THE largest number of charter boats—around forty—put out from the Manasquan River Yacht Basin (Manasquan 2442), down near the Point Pleasant Bridge. Among those that were all ready to go when I was there, the Carolyn E., Henrietta II, and Anna J. looked mighty fine. There's a house where you can telephone and send telegrams, and a lunchroom with perfectly good food right on the lot. If you drive down the night before (which, heaven knows, you should if you're breakfasting at 5:30 and shoving off right after), a Captain Keigher has a tourist place just across the road.

The Brielle Yacht Basin (Manasquan 260) next door has about twenty-five charter boats, the second largest collection down there. (There are party boats at practically all these places, naturally; just ask.) I'd put my luck any day in the hands of Captain Dare of the Jean Dare or Captain Loeling of the Dawn II. Besides a nice lot of boats, there's the Harbor Inn on the premises, with a new chef fresh from Dave and Evelyn's, up the coast at Belmar, in case you know that place. The Inn is a thoroughly pleasant spot for casual eats and drinks, especially if you sit in its high-raftered bar with all those mounted deer heads and evil-looking game fish staring right through you.

A chap named Captain Hillman is running the Brielle Inn Yacht Basin (Manasquan 2067), one of those new outfits I spoke of. From here on up the shore, private boats share the docks with charter ones in about equal numbers. The Brielle Inn itself (Manasquan 1279) is probably the place for you to stay if you insist on being coddled; it's $4 to $7 a day without meals and has such creature comforts as private or communicating baths with all rooms, of which by far the best are those overlooking the water. Even if you prefer plainer quarters, you might use the inn for revelry. It has an orchestra every night in the week (until about 1 A.M.) and the food is as persuasive as you'll find around.

The second new basin is Captain Sam Good's (Manasquan 1406), and a cheerfuller, spick-and-spanner place you couldn't imagine. There are six charter boats in its tidy precincts and flower beds and umbrellas all around to point things up. I liked the pebbled patch alongside the dock—it looked so neat—but Captain Good finds the stones stick to shoes and scratch varnish on the boats, so you may find concrete by the time you get there. Rooms in the house on the terrace are the source of Mrs. Good's pin money, and she ought to have plenty of it after a season or so, even at the moderate rates she charges. The third-floor room with a view of the water, a wide bird's-eye-maple bed, and a picture of St. Cecilia is my favorite, but the one on the second floor with twin beds and an enlargement of the White Rock nymph is just about as good. No meals here.

Harold L. Hoffman's (Manasquan 3160) is still headquarters for the Manasquan River Marlin and Tuna Club, but he now uses his own instead of its name for the basin, which is a blessing. Mrs. Hoffman, whose rambling, trophy-infested seaside home grew from a country boarding house into a fishermen's club without her even noticing it, serves a dawn breakfast to her overnight guests, and it helps. She has an improvised dormitory for men, too, and puts up lunches, which are the only thing the price of a charter boat, here or anywhere else, doesn't include.

Finishing off: Mrs. Feuerbach is the person to get in touch with about the Feuerbach and Hansen Basin (Manasquan 1200), where private boats that make your mouth water mingle with those for hire. . . . The Brielle Yacht Club (Manasquan 3107) has a new management, and deck chairs and tables down near the boats, and a girl orchestra for your flightier moments, which had better be *after* your fishing bout.

DOWN-THE-ISLAND REMINDERS: The Long Island Railroad runs a round-trip fishermen's special to Canoe Place and Montauk, with ice aboard for your catch, if any. The train leaves Penn Station at 5:45 A.M. on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays (skipping Canoe Place Tuesdays, for some reason). It won't get you out there in time to troll for game fish, but if all you're looking for is bottom fishing from a party boat, it should be dandy. . . . Montauk Manor, that 1929 dream of splendor, is $10 a day and up; Bill's Inn (no food at the house, but he has a restaurant near the dock) might be your choice if you don't feel like sprucing up after a long day on the water. . . . Party boats down that way cost $2 a person; charter boats for game fishing are a glittering $50 any day of the Montauk week. Rates are somewhat lower at Canoe Place, possibly because it's farther from your prey. —K. C. B.

•

Dow Chemical rose another 3 points and du Pont gained a point. Monsanto also rose a point. Lane Bryant enjoyed the usual seasonal bulge and made nearly 2 points.—*The Sun.*

Never mind being picturesque—just tell what happened.

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SAYS INO HOODONIT

"A BETTER TRICK than pulling rabbits out of hats."

It doesn't take a magician to find out what's in Derby jars and tins. Informative labels tell all!

Ready to serve Corned Beef Hash a meal in itself

Ready to serve Chop Suey for any occasion

Ready to serve Tamales with Sauce *for lunches or* late snacks

Ready to serve Chicken a la king for the hurried hostess

"... is producing AN ENTIRE MEAL from one tin! And what a meal! With a simple twist of the wrist — just open a tin of DERBY SPAGHETTI WITH MEAT AND SAUCE—and Presto! — You behold a meal that's succulent — savory — satisfying. Pure enchantment for any appetite! Nourishing, too! (Keep this under your hat, but it's even good for you.)"

DERBY SPAGHETTI WITH MEAT AND SAUCE wins encores at every appearance. It can lift a party out of the doldrums — like magic! Serve it *soon* — and serve *plenty*, because the fork is quicker than the eye in making Derby dishes disappear!

DERBY FOODS, INC.
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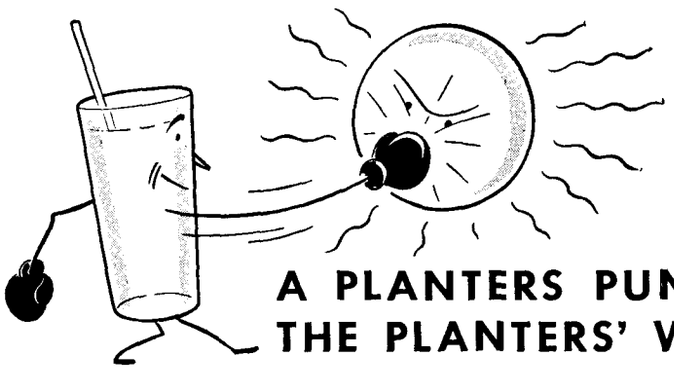
MANUFACTURERS OF 36 DELICIOUS MEATS OR MEAT COMBINATIONS IN TIN OR GLASS



A PLANTERS PUNCH THE PLANTERS' WAY

Here's a tropic "cooler" from the rum country ... it's the planter's own prescription for beating the heat. And its secret is—several generous dashes of Angostura. They've found that these famous bitters add zest and tang—and blend all the ingredients into a harmonious whole. So if you want to get the most out of a Planter's Punch—be sure it's made with Angostura!

Planter's Punch
(As served at the famous Angostura Bar in Trinidad)
1 oz Lime juice, 2 oz Simple Syrup, 3 oz West Indies Rum, 5 dashes Angostura Bitters, shaved ice. Place ingredients in a mixing glass and shake vigorously. Pour unstrained into a 10 oz Collins glass. Garnish with a slice of Lemon and dust with Nutmeg. Serve with straws.

ANGOSTURA Dr. Siegert's BITTERS
A TONIC APPETIZER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"

Over 100 years in use!

ANGOSTURA-WUPPERMANN CORPORATION • 304 EAST 45th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

WITHIN a single week, Mr. Fraser received letters from several members of his family, who lived in different parts of the country. Mr. Fraser was delighted with the letters and told his wife, Elizabeth, to put them in a bowl beside his favorite chair in the living room as a reminder that they were to be answered on Sunday. When Sunday came he reread them all. Strangely enough, while each letter had seemed to make sense at the first reading, collectively they bewildered him.

His brother Angus had written:

Can't we induce you two to come out and spend at least part of your vacation with us? Personally, I always feel that July is the best month of the year in Kansas. While we're likely to have one or two warmish spells, the heat is always a *dry* heat, which makes a great difference. Here in Thompsonville we've been pretty comfortable thus far. I won't pretend that it isn't warm in the shop, especially on Wednesdays and Thursdays, when we're getting out the paper, but on the other days, with just our miscellaneous print jobs to work on, we relax and manage to stay remarkably cool. I work in my underwear, which is O.K., because my secretary, Mary Elsom, is on vacation and Fred Gary's daughter, Nancy (who is turning into an excellent stenographer and copyreader, by the way), is visiting an aunt in Quenemo. Her aunt was prostrated by the weather last week, and I told Nancy if she was needed for housework, nursing, etc., to go right over to Quenemo and that I'd get along somehow. So I just have the boys here in the shop, and we can drop the formalities. Our new linotype man, Sam Latham, is not only proving a wiz at his job but is one of the funniest men I've ever known, and keeps us all in such a good humor that we're able to forget the heat. But don't go getting the idea that we're *really* uncomfortable. We aren't. As soon as this spell is over, Kansas will be an ideal place for you to spend your vacation in. If you want to swim, you can always drive over to the lake. It's only forty miles, and, of course, a straight road all the way. Do try to arrange things so that you can come!

There had been an enclosure for Mr. Fraser in a letter his cousin Edward Mayfield's wife had written to Mrs. Fraser:

If I had known Tim wasn't going to be with us this summer, I'd have kept the yawl laid up. As it is, the Alicia is raring to go, and can't. Frankly, she needs a third hand. Why don't you both come down and help out? Do you folks a world of good. Alicia and I tried one run ourselves, but only one. We came back rather badly blistered—not so much from the sun as from handling sheets and all that. It's too bad, all this swell sailing weather and the yawl just marking time. Better come

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and have some fun with us on the Chesapeake. How about it?

Mr. Fraser's sister Marian had said:

I'm sitting on the side porch this afternoon (always a wonderful breeze) and can't help feeling how terrible it must be for you and Elizabeth to suffer in the heat we hear the East is having when you could be here in Utah. Why don't you spend your vacation with us? The State of Utah is practically one big summer resort. It gets a little warm in the middle of the day, that's all. Wouldn't it be nice if *all* the family would come? When I think of Guthrie and Peg dying by inches in that awful Fresno, it certainly makes me grateful that I live in a place where it's possible to be comfortable in the summer. Honestly, I don't know what possesses Guthrie. It's so silly to pretend that Fresno is comfortable in midsummer when in the same letter he goes right on to say that people who are building new houses are all providing for air-conditioning. And poor Angus in Thompsonville! Dad writes that Fort Worth is very pleasant right now, but of course he's insane where Texas is concerned, and it's impossible to argue with him. (Later. My next-door neighbor, Mrs. Mears, dropped in and stayed 2 hrs.!) By the way, could you and Elizabeth use some green-tomato pickle? If so, I'll send you a few jars. I'm planning to put some up in a day or two if the weather changes. It's quite cool enough for our ordinary activities, but I don't feel like spending a whole day in the kitchen.

There had been a postcard from Mr. Fraser's father:

Just a line to thank you for sending the Maigret book, which I didn't care for as much as some of the others, and to say that your sister Marian seems to be experiencing softening of the brain, owing to her protracted residence in Utah. She has invited your mother and me to pay her a visit! We are declining, and are urging her to come to Fort Worth instead. Any chance of inveigling you children? It's fine here now. Very dry, and somewhat comparable to Arizona, people who have been there say.

From Cornwall, Connecticut, his Aunt Janet Mayfield had written:

I feel that I am being a very selfish person in not sharing these cool pine-

SOMEONE OUGHT TO TELL HER ABOUT RY-KRISP

Trademark--look for the name in each wafer

Then someone did tell her... now Lucy has that schoolgirl figure

AUNT MIN: Lucy, you're a sight. Get rid of those bulges or I'll disown you. It's easy if you follow the Ry-Krisp plan.
LUCY: What do I have to do?

AUNT MIN: Just plan your meals from this Ry-Krisp booklet, exercise a little every day and eat 2 or 3 Ry-Krisp wafers as bread at each meal.
LUCY: Okay, I'll try it.

LUCY: Bless you, Aunt Min! Look at me... slim as a schoolgirl!
AUNT MIN: Thank your lucky stars for Ry-Krisp. Only 23 calories per wafer and it helps keep you regular, too.

Following the Ry-Krisp reducing plan, a normal overweight person can lose about 7 pounds a month. No drastic diet. No special cooking. No exhausting exercise. Try this simple plan to have a slim, alluring figure.

FREE Reducing Booklet

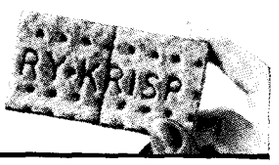
Just send 1¢ postal stating if booklet is for man or woman. Address Ry-Krisp, 735G Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Missouri.

The Perfect Partner of Good Things to Eat

Ever try this? Place slices of American cheese on Ry-Krisp. Heat on grill or in oven until cheese melts. Top with browned sausages. Always a sure hit.

But don't stop there. Enjoy these crisp, delicious all-rye wafers from breakfast on through the day—with soups, salads, spreads or "just plain." Remember, Ry-Krisp is good... and good for you. Supplies valuable minerals, vitamin B_1 and helps to keep you regular. Try it today. At your grocer's in the red-and-white checkerboard package.

Scored— breaks easily into two cracker-like squares.



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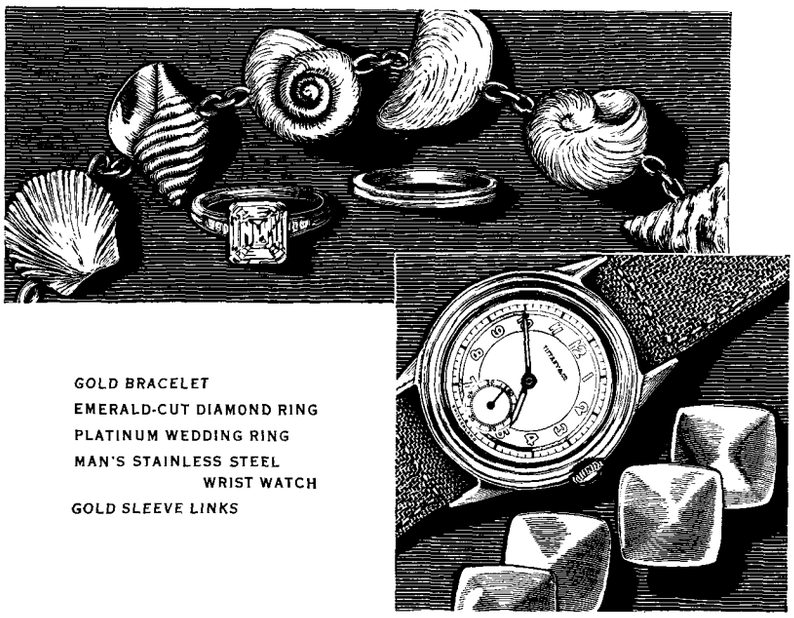

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EMERALD-CUT DIAMOND RING
PLATINUM WEDDING RING
MAN'S STAINLESS STEEL WRIST WATCH
GOLD SLEEVE LINKS

DIAMONDS OF FINE COLOR AND BRILLIANCY, WEDDING RINGS AND A LARGE VARIETY OF GIFTS FOR BRIDESMAIDS AND USHERS.

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A Distinctive Resort Hotel

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Luigi Romanelli's Orchestra

Here, at this Magnificent Hotel . . . A Feast of Vacation Variety

Pine-scented bridle paths will draw you on . . . to ride for miles above the silvery St. Lawrence. In pollen-free air, tennis takes on a tournament edge . . . golf is a sportier game. Every mood finds happy fulfilment . . . the outdoor pool is gay with music . . . terraced lawns are perfect for repose. You'll like the food . . . the people . . . the brilliant, cool Casino nights. Come, discover the Manoir's vacation magic.

No passports required . . . favorable exchange!

A DIVISION OF CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

woods, these windy hilltops, these superb July days with my nieces and nephews. Surely your vacation is imminent? I hope you won't let your mother and father prevail upon you to visit them this year. I was there in the summer of 1924 and the bedrooms were unspeakably hot, although your mother was *most* considerate and did everything in her power to make me comfortable. Do you and Elizabeth realize that you are only three hours' driving distance from this peaceful old town, where we *frequently* need blankets? Let me know when you can come. I was hoping to have your Cousin Edward and his charming wife the latter part of this month, but I fear they mistakenly believe that the Chesapeake is better for Alicia's sinus. However, perhaps the real explanation is that there is going to be another child. Ask Elizabeth what she thinks.

The last of the letters was from Mr. Fraser's brother Guthrie:

I won the Lobero case and am giving myself a rest until Sept., when things will be getting busy again. I go down to the Bar Building 3 mornings a week, and the rest of the time Fowler handles everything. What I'm really enjoying is my garden, although I'm sorry to say I've lost some of my best stuff, and the lawn is a sight. Being on the Water Control, I have to play fair, of course. It hasn't made any difference to the hollyhocks, ageratum, phlox, sweet William, larkspur, delphinium, and lots of others. The hollyhocks always like the dry weather, and so as a rule do my dahlias and bleeding heart, but I've lost practically all of the last two. Can't understand it, because this summer doesn't seem any different from preceding ones. The secret of this climate, which very few people understand, is that all the moisture comes in the night air, instead of in the daytime, and impregnates the soil, which is why the flowers do well. It takes the place of rain. Peg is calling to me to say she wishes you and Elizabeth would come out this summer. I say so, too! You couldn't ask for a better vacation spot, and anyway you and I could always go up to the mountains and camp for a few days if we wanted to. So many of the fellows here do it around this time that it's actually easier to get a poker game organized up there than it is here in town! I can't stay in the mountains through the week, of course, on account of Peg and the 3 mornings at the office, but if you and Elizabeth come out, I'll take a full week for the mts. and let Fowler go ahead and beef. *Please* come!

WHEN Mr. Fraser finished rereading his letters, he felt that he had never been quite so sought after. Also, he felt extremely perplexed. Instead of complementing each other and forming a perfect whole—as family letters always did at Christmas, for example—these were thoroughly confusing. He seemed to detect in them a lack of family unity, an absence of that general harmony upon which all the Frasers prided themselves. "Geography means absolutely

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nothing to us," Guthrie once had declared, with an arm around his mother's waist. And now Mr. Fraser was troubled by a suspicion that geography—at this season of the year, at least—meant a good deal. Presently he became aware that his wife was speaking to him.

"You might as well answer Ed's note while I'm writing to Alicia, and save postage," she was saying. "Just tuck it inside this."

Mr. Fraser abstractedly accepted the letter she handed him, and started to read it. "Dear Alicia," it began, "Your nice letter came just as I was about to write to you and say that we were hoping you and Ed would find time to spend a few days with us here in New York this summer. We can let you have Jock's room, since he's away at camp, and, to be absolutely candid, it's the best room in the apartment. It has cross ventilation between Seventy-second Street and the bathroom, which is on a courtyard. Even on the hottest nights there is always . . ."

—James Reid Parker

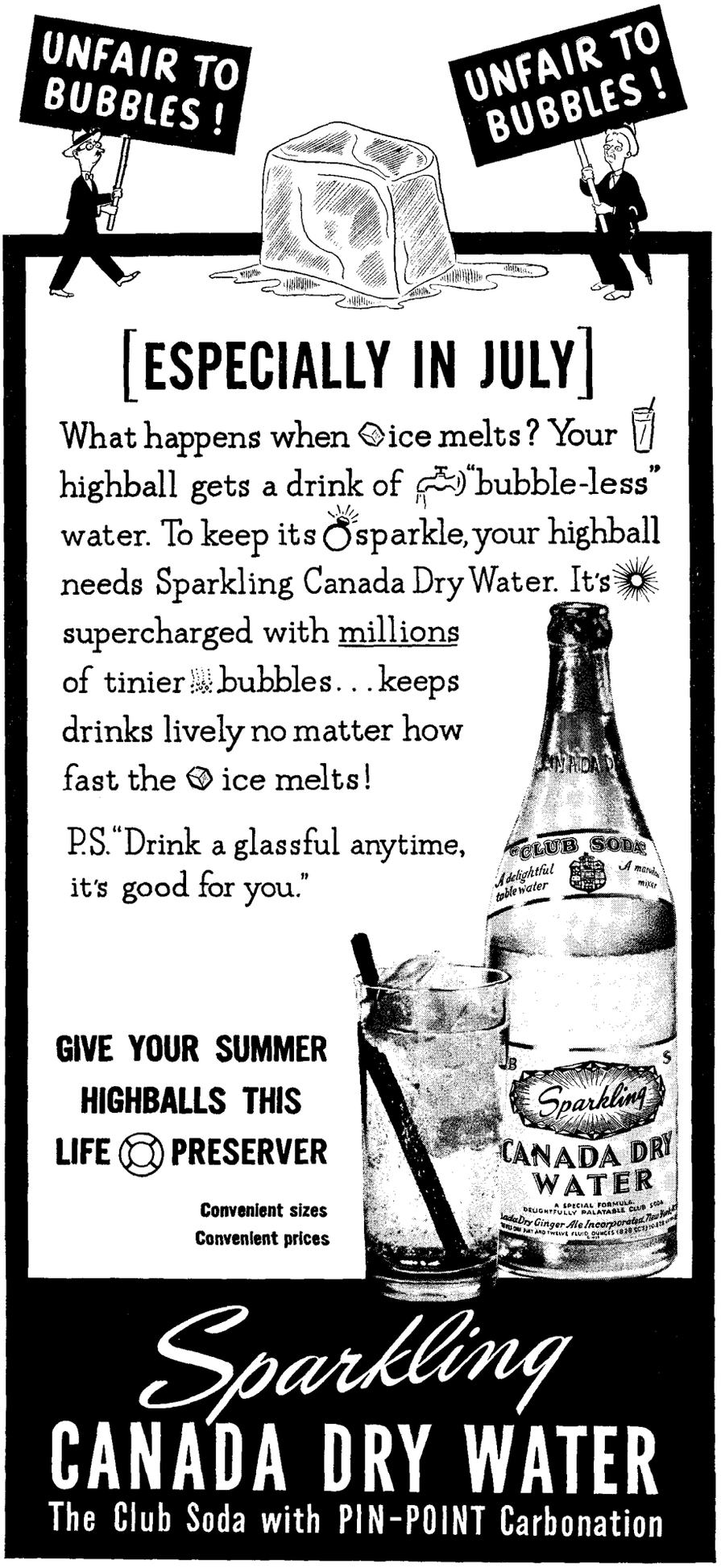
•

BEAUTY AND OBESITY

WEIGHT PROBLEM BOTHERS DIONNES; QUINTUPLETS ARE GOING ON A DIET
—*Headline in the Times.*

Poor, plump, inhibited Five,
Unhappy Quintses.
Scarcely a female anywhere alive
But counts her luncheon calories and winces,
Reading what's said of you
And brooding on the fate that lies ahead of you.
Alas, the waist that strains the bib and tucker,
The lovely bread that's buttered over par!
Alas, the bonbon and the all-day sucker!
Alas, the cookie jar!
Now 'tis the daily dozen you give up to,
And bending from the hips,
Since it's decreed that childish lines live up to
The faces that have launched a thousand quips.
Well, better dry your tears and comb your curls,
And learn it early, girls.
The scales were never any woman's friends.
These trials are but a sample.
There's a divinity that shapes our ends
Not wisely but too ample.
And the one thing a lady cannot do
Is eat her cake and have her figger too.

—Phyllis McGinley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THE RACE TRACK

Green Pastures

I KNOW I've already gone overboard about Empire City, but the place is such a change from the bare new concrete of Aqueduct that I can't help doing it again. If you can think of pleasanter spots to watch races from than the clubhouse balcony or the hill beyond the saddling paddock, I'd like to hear where they are. In this department's revised ratings of race tracks, Empire City is second only to Saratoga. The biggest improvement made at the Yonkers track this year is the covering of the lawn in front of the grandstand with En Tout Cas, like a tennis court, only the stuff is painted bright green. Somebody called it Empire City grass.

ALMOST anyone lucky enough to win as rich a race as the Butler Handicap could be pardoned if he didn't recover his composure for days. William Woodward betrayed no emotion at all as he watched his Foxbrough romp away with the $19,800 purse. Nor was he in any great hurry to go to the weighing-in enclosure in front of the stand to receive the big silver cup which was part of the prize. I remember how once another member of The Jockey Club ran like crazy down the stairs at Belmont Park—nearly rolled down, in fact—to get a less important trophy. But then, Mr. Woodward's horses have won so many cups. After he had been paged over the public-address system, Mr. Woodward said a little reluctantly to a member of his party, "I suppose I'll have to go down there now. Watch my glasses, will you?"

I daresay Foxbrough did no more than his owner expected. He has had a lot of leg trouble since he was the leading two-year-old in England three seasons ago but he seems to be getting over it. He still wears huge bandages—small quilts that reach above his knees, like those his brother Fighting Fox used to be done up in. By the way, Stout, who rode Foxbrough, carried a new whip, something like the one Longden had when he rode for Fitzsimmons, and which, he once remarked, he used "with discretion." It is made of the slender tops of three old-fashioned buggy whips bound together with rubber tape, and I fancy it has quite a sting. Stout didn't have to use it, though, as Foxbrough, after galloping behind Tola Rose and Salford II for half a mile, bounded away and won by five lengths.

This department picked Fenelon to win the Butler, but the animal was withdrawn because the track was muddy. It isn't exactly a black mark against the old tout, however, for Fenelon's stablemate won. No doubt both will run for the $50,000 Massachusetts Handicap at Suffolk Downs next week. I still prefer Fenelon.

JUST when everybody was wondering what had become of Our Boots, he popped up and won the Yankee Handicap at Boston the other day. Although he did it easily enough, an observer reports that he had somewhat the worst of racing luck, and McCreary, who rode him, seemed slower than usual in getting going. It is the boy's bewildering way of allowing his mounts to drop far behind the pace and then bringing them up with a rush in the last furlong (sometimes they get there and sometimes they don't) that has caused one horseplayer to observe, "Well, if Paul Revere had ridden like McCreary, this country would still be a British colony."

UNLESS there is some completely unforeseen change in the handicappers' ratings between now and the opening of the Saratoga meeting, Alfred Vanderbilt's Petrify is going to be the leading two-year-old filly until we move on to the Spa. She has won all of her starts—two at Santa Anita last winter, one at Aqueduct last month, and the Lassie Stakes at Arlington Park last Saturday—together with around $20,000 in prize money. Not bad for a beginner.

I FANCY there won't be as good odds against Mioland in California again this season, unless he takes to running on three legs or something, as there were against him in the American Handicap at Hollywood last week. He won at something better than 5½ to 1. Colonel Martingale, the old plunger, will take a small horse-against-horse bet that he'll beat Challedon in the Hollywood Gold Cup the end of this month.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

But was it love? Or was it—she winced with a pain, in her hip or in her heart—was it sympathy?—*Short story in the St. Louis Star-Times.*

Or was it thrombosis?

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

THERE'S been quite a flurry of American music in recent record releases, and you'll find almost every style (except the advanced dissonant) in the offerings. George Kleinsinger's "I Hear America Singing," based on some Walt Whitman poems, is effective audience music, vividly sung by John Charles Thomas, with background by the I.L.G.W.U. Radio Chorus and the Victor Symphony, all directed by Nathaniel Shilkret (Victor M-777). There are excerpts from a Metropolitan opera, "Merry Mount," built into a well-made suite (Victor M-781) by the composer, Howard Hanson, who conducts the Eastman-Rochester Symphony, and also excerpts from a non-Metropolitan opera, "No for an Answer," sung and spoken by the original cast to the expert piano accompaniments of Marc Blitzstein, who wrote the thing (Keynote 105). The formal "Merry Mount" and the freewheeling Blitzstein opera demonstrate the full range of American operatic techniques.

For chamber music, there is Frederick Jacobi's "Hagiographa: Three Biblical Narratives," a finely wrought composition, skillfully performed by the Coolidge Quartet, with Mme. Irene Jacobi collaborating at the piano (Victor M-782). Mr. Jacobi, relatively a newcomer on discs, is also represented by a scherzo for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn—a pleasant divertissement in an up-to-date idiom, played by an ensemble of the Juilliard Graduate School of Music. The scherzo appears on New Music Recording 1611, and it is coupled with a prelude and fugue for piano by David Diamond, for which the pianist is Leonard Bernstein. To get a more complete notion of Mr. Diamond's abilities, you ought to hear some of his orchestral music, but none of that is yet available on discs, so far as I know. However, the piano sample will at least demonstrate this able young composer's mastery of his materials. Roy Harris's third quartet is available in Columbia album M-450, which is done handsomely by the Roth String Quartet. Each of the four movements contains a prelude and fugue, and there are modal relationships, which you may read up on in Nicol-

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as Slonimsky's excellent program note pasted in the album. The music is all lyrical except for the lively last movement, and you will find it agreeable listening even if you don't care whether or not there are fugues and modes present.

Miss Jeanne Behrend, who probably has played more American piano music than anybody else owning a piano, has collected a generally conservative lot of native work for that instrument into an album called "Piano Music by American Composers" (Victor M-764). Some of these pieces are interesting only because they are by people who have written more important music, but Miss Behrend plays them neatly. There ought to be a companion volume of provocative piano pieces, though.

Next comes a "Festival of Brazilian Music," by Heitor Villa-Lobos (Victor set M-773). It shows this prolific composer in several moods, though not always at his best, and the performances by the Schola Cantorum, the Brazilian Festival Quartet, Miss Elsie Houston, and an orchestra directed by Burle Marx are all good. My own pick of this collection would be the "Canção do Carreiro," sung by Miss Houston.

AMERICAN orchestras are as prominent in recent recordings as American composers. The All-American Youth Orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski, has turned out Beethoven's fifth symphony (Columbia M-451), Brahms' fourth symphony (Columbia M-452), Stravinsky's "Fire Bird" suite (Columbia M-446), and Mr. Stokowski's arrangement of the "love music" from "Tristan und Isolde" (Columbia M-427). The last two are the best, I think. The recording presumably is by the 1940 A.A.Y.O. The Alumni Orchestra of the National Orchestral Association, conducted by Richard Korn, does so well with Brahms' serenade in A for small orchestra that it's a pity the group didn't draw a more interesting composition to play (Victor M-774).

The National Symphony of Washington adds to the assortment of recordings of Brahms' third symphony with a sound but conventional contribution (Victor M-762), and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra backs up the brilliant pianism of Jesús María Sanromá in Mendelssohn's G-minor piano concerto (Victor M-780). —R.A.S.

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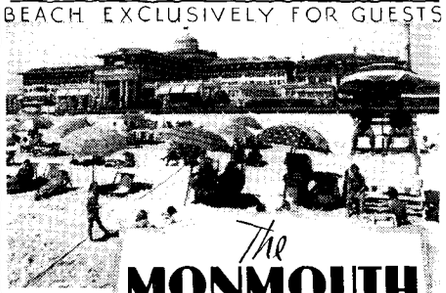

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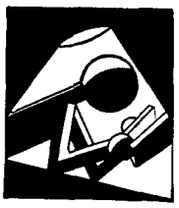
BOOKS

Fiction of the Bomb Age



AN Englishwoman named Jane Nicholson sends us "Shelter," a novel that may retain an odd niche in literary history as the first ever written about the aerial bombardment of a city. The Nazis, always generous with their surprises, have even provided fiction with fresh subject matter.

I suppose that well-known English imperturbability is back of Miss Nicholson's resolve to write a story about a man, his wife, and the other woman at a moment when such a story would seem to have lost all relevance. It's a bit like writing against a background of a tidal wave or any other overwhelming cataclysm. A certain lordly lack of imagination is necessary to put these stock characters through their stock paces in a non-stock world of high explosives. Yet who would not prefer Miss Nicholson to the Nazi novelist who, when Berlin is heavily bombed, might conceivably produce *his* story, all inhuman hatred, bloody jingoism, and whipped-up propaganda?

As a matter of fact, "Shelter" is so remote from these emotions as to be almost inhuman, too, though differently. It closes with Churchill's trumpet sentences ("We shall not flag or fail," etc.) but is otherwise curiously bare of patriotic feeling. Louise, the central character, is a snobbish intellectual—more snobbish than intellectual—who at only one point seems to realize her community with her countrymen. She and her associates are rather discouraging evidence of how little progress Mr. Laski's "revolution by consent" has made among the people who will have to do the consenting. So do not read "Shelter" for any demonstration of the heroic unity of the English; it's not that kind of book.

Perhaps, indeed, it has a special value as a record of how the upper-middle class, which has not been receiving much attention lately, took the unspeakable bombings of August and September, 1940. Between the all-clear and the alert they bought dresses at Paquin's and gossiped at Quaglino's and carried on their minuscular loves, just as Louise and Jos and Camma do in this book. Some of them behaved badly, some well. The bravado-and-levity stage disappeared quickly and it even became quite the thing to admit you were frightened. But very few of Miss Nicholson's people have minds that contain much beyond a stubbornly courageous determination to carry on the fight. They seem to have no idea of what the horror is all about; intellectually, they are still in the Chamberlain era. It may be that this is merely Miss Nicholson's reticence.

I must state in all candor that I find her three major characters dull and slightly unpleasant. I would not care much about their lives and loves set against a background of normal conditions, and therefore I see no reason I should care much about them just because they are involved in a horrible experience. The strain under which they live does not increase their stature or decrease it. They remain footling.

But that strain itself, the common darkness into which all are plunged, is naturally absorbing to us who, almost surely, will be living in similar circumstances before we are much older. That I conceive to be the master emotion we, if we are not fools, should derive from "Shelter"—a sense of how near all this is to us and how remote it would have seemed six months ago. And so you find yourself taking an intense, almost a personal interest in Miss Nicholson's descriptions of how it feels to be bombed in your favorite night club, how one goes shopping amid the shrapnel, readjusts oneself to life in bomb shelters, does one's office work under conditions of grotesque difficulty, develops a code of air-raid etiquette. You smell the faintly smoky tang of the infected air, your ears ring with concussion, you realize that a child blown into the street has just asked you where her legs are. It is all immediate and true, not a Wellsian nightmare. It can and may happen to you on Fifty-seventh Street, or in Lord & Taylor's, or at the Stork Club. The Bomb Age can and may arrive for all of us.

The publishers inform us that "Shelter" has not yet been published in England, the authorities being leery of the forthrightness of its descriptions, though the correspondents have sent over much more shocking stuff, I should say. We lucky people, however, are privileged to read it, with a total of thirty-one lines deleted by the censor. As a novel, it's mediocre. As a warning, flat, plain, unhysterical, it has untold value.

HELEN MACINNES's "Above Suspicion," though several shelves below "Escape," is of the same order: a successful attempt to adapt the form of the thriller to contemporary events. It's

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noteworthy that the conventional E. Phillips Oppenheim melodrama, originally designed as diversion, as "escape literature," is now turning a sharp corner and becoming just as actual, just as disturbing as the latest reports from the foreign correspondents. The whole point about "Above Suspicion" is that its Nazi villain is no invention, that its espionage and torture scenes are dishearteningly grounded in reality. The story is an anti-Fascist thriller in a far deeper, truer sense than, let us say, "The Scarlet Pimpernel" was an anti-revolutionary thriller. Miss MacInnes *means* it; the Baroness Orczy was merely making a mechanical use of her own anti-Jacobin sympathies.

"Above Suspicion" has to do with a likable young English couple who, during the summer of 1939, are sent abroad to discover whether a certain important anti-Nazi is still alive. The train of events leads to Paris, Nuremberg, Innsbruck, and a small Tyrolese summer resort, and involves the characters in a series of Alfred Hitchcock adventures, ingenious escapes, startling surprises. It's all expertly but not coldly done, and Miss MacInnes writes a clean, humorous prose. It should make a top-notch film. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SLIGHTLY PERFECT, by George Malcolm-Smith. Entertaining light novel about an actuary who made a mistake. Actuaries, even if they are personable young men half in love with a pretty secretary, can't make mistakes with impunity. This one is so crushed by his error that he walks out of the office and smack into the middle of a travelling carnival troupe. Enter fun, freaks, and complications.

YOU GO YOUR WAY, by Katharine Brush. Slight but clever story of a girl who thinks she should divorce and then remarry her husband on the ground that second marriages are happier than first ones. A Park Avenue décor, up-to-date witticisms, and a fast pace help to conceal the fact that the young woman is a mite dim-witted and her long-suffering husband likewise.

WITHOUT SIGNPOSTS, by Kathleen Wallace. Heavily sugar-coated novel of wartime England. Involves an attractive young widow with three children, a Russian countess who runs an inn, and a number of other people all being terribly brave and kind-hearted and tolerant and understand-

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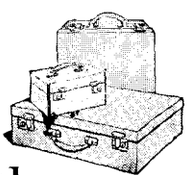

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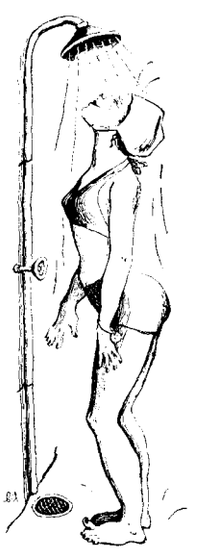
ing in the face of war unpleasantness. Several romances are included and everybody's upper lip is very, very stiff.

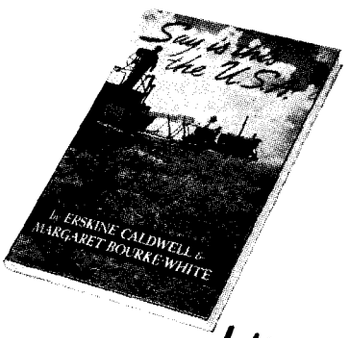
GENERAL

HORATIO GATES, by Samuel White Patterson. General Gates, whom you may recall as the American victor of the Battle of Saratoga in the Revolution, gets his true deserts in this first full-length biography. The author, who has discovered some previously untouched source material, sees Gates as an agreeable, humane man, a confirmed Whig, an intelligent servant of his country, and a soldier quite up to the rather moderate standards of generalship then prevalent. Occasionally a bit hard to follow, and somewhat too eager to vindicate Gates at times, but altogether the most substantial American biography of the season—scholarly, urbane, and persuasively written. Some New Yorkiana. Foreword by Allan Nevins. Illustrated.

WHAT "MEIN KAMPF" MEANS TO AMERICA, by Francis Hackett. If you haven't yet read Hitler's "bible of dementia praecox," you should, says Mr. Hackett. He goes over it from cover to cover, explaining how the fanatic compulsion of Hitler's self-confessed "ideas," which are opposed to ours at every point, will lead him inevitably to try an attack on us later. Temperate, shrewd, and simply written, though hardly news, and not the most penetrating word on the subject.

MY SCOTTISH HUSBAND, by Lady Neigh. Chatty and cheerful account of an Englishwoman's adventures with the reserved Scot she married, interspersed with stories about Scot-





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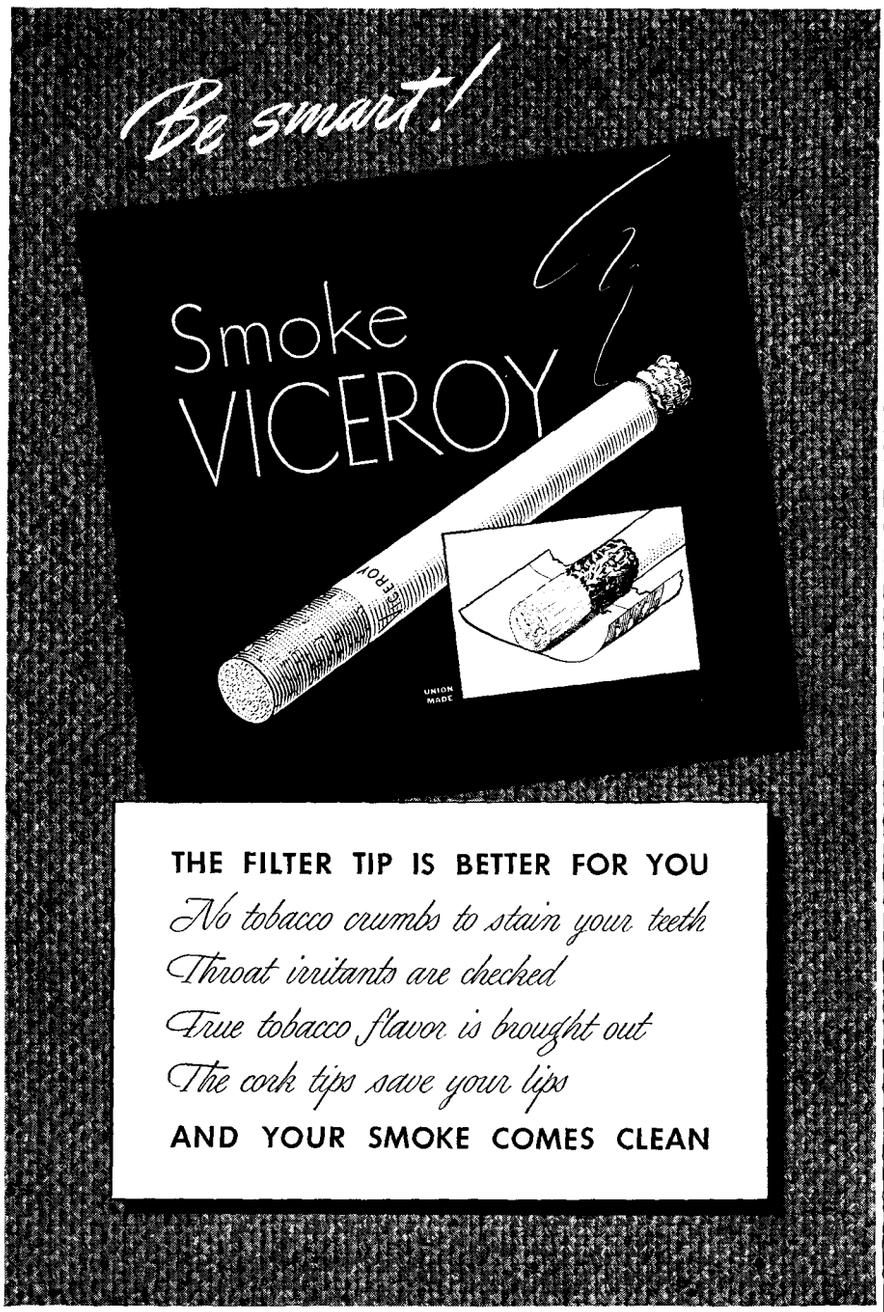

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tish, London, and seaside gardens, a girls' school, a hospital in the first World War, and so on. Rather coy. The gardening is amateur, but the book is mildly amusing.

REGENERATION, by Denis Saurat. Short disquisition on the nature of man and society, in which the author outlines his plan for a neo-Catholic state founded on the authority of a "chief" and the guarantee of economic security for all its members. Anti-Nazi, anti-Communist, anti-democratic (with reservations), and done in a style reminiscent of the French medieval philosophers. Introductory letter by General de Gaulle.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DEATH AND TAXES, by David Dodge. George MacLeod, reputedly the best tax consultant in San Francisco, gets into trouble when he tries to smooth out the difference between a blonde and some G-men. By trouble it is meant that George gets killed and stuffed into a vault. Fine, meaty story, involving bootlegging and a half-million dollars in taxes.

•

DEAR I AM HOPING—You haven't been out of my thoughts since your letter was printed, for it could have been my letter, almost word for word. I am years older than you and haven't conquered sleeplessness yet, but I'd like to tell you some helps I have found. Say to yourself "I relax my toes, my feet, my ankles, my shins, my knees, etc." right up to head, eyes, mouth, each time saying "I relax." Sometimes I say, "Let go. Let go. Don't think. Think nothing." Too, more than anything else, I have been helped by thinking all the things I know about God. "God is Love. God is good. God is my guide and my refuge. I lay all my affairs in Thy hand. God is taking care of me."

Wring a Turkish towel out of hot water. Place it on back of neck for four minutes, then a cold pack for one minute. I use two towels. This relieves the tension there. Be sure to get enough of the vitamin B foods in you. Also, be sure there is no undigested food when you go to bed. Correct your posture if needful. Rest your brain as much as you can. Get out of doors if only to sit, but better to be active, walking, gardening, or in some game. Breathe deeply of fresh air and lie on your right side to sleep. I find, too, that thrusting my head forward as much as possible for comfort puts me to sleep when all else fails. Another help sometimes is to put right foot over left and left hand over right hand. It is said this breaks the chain of thought. I don't know, but if it works only occasionally it is worth trying. There! I hope you will find something in this jumble. I Do.

—*Letter in the Boston Globe.*

Even if it's only a cat nap.

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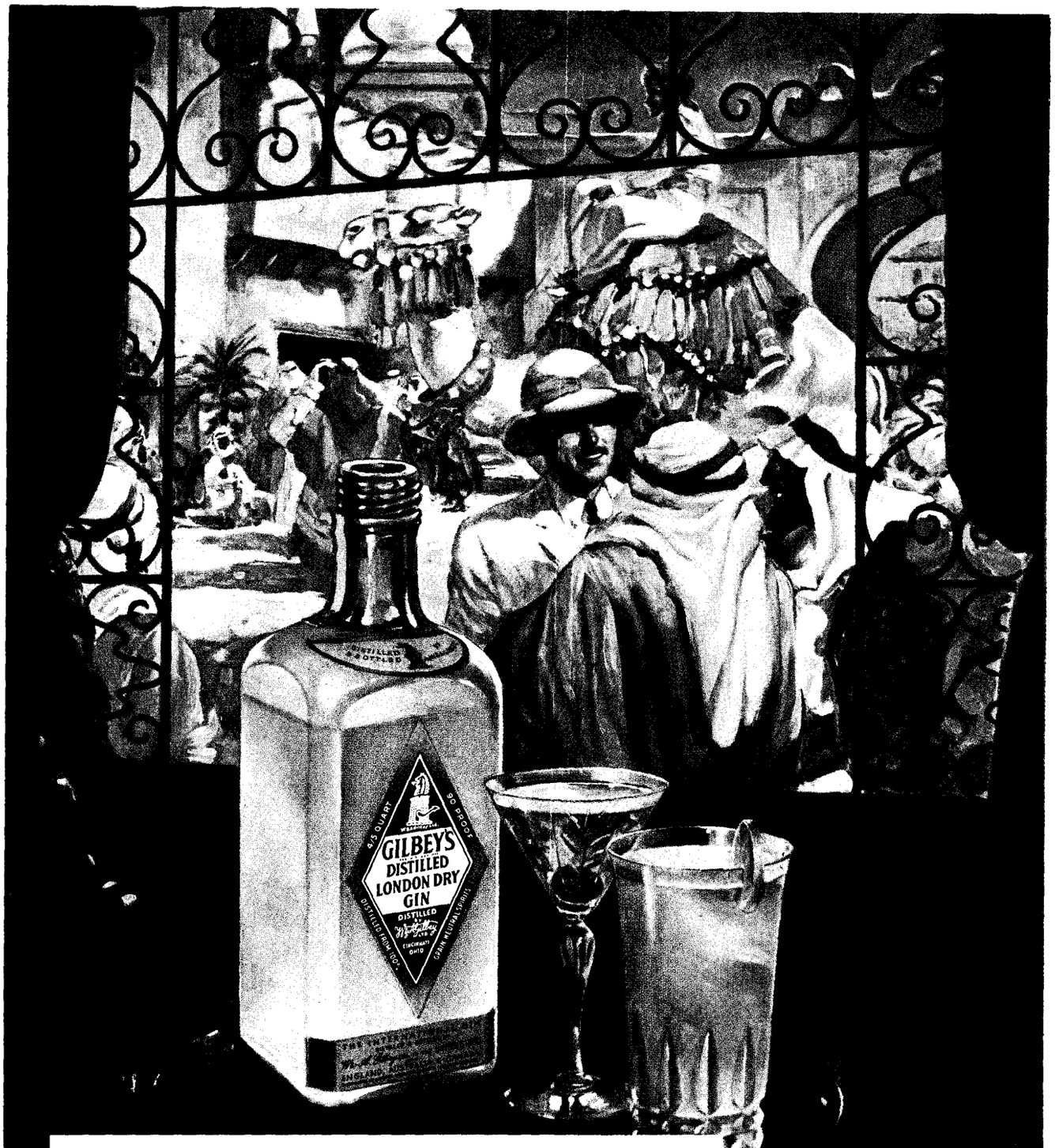

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